

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- . . . And So To Bed—*Jessie B. Carlson*
- Mothers Crusade for World Peace—*Victoria B. Demarest*

November 1949

# The *Hearthstone*

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

MARY ANNA WHITE, *Assistant Editor*

## Contents

### ARTICLES

	PAGE
... And So to Bed . . . . .	by Jessie B. Carlson 2
Mother of Thanksgiving . . . . .	by Joseph Charles Salak 4
Maybe He "Looks" Like You . . . . .	by Frank T. Hoadley 5
Faith—Acceptance and Attack . . . . .	by Jack Finegan 7
The Best Is Yet . . . . .	by Mary Cushing Palmer 10
Marilyn Finds Death's Meaning . . . . .	by Norma C. Brown 12
"I Would Dig a Well" . . . . .	by Florence Kerigan 14
Mothers Crusade for World Peace . . . . .	by Victoria Booth Demarest 15
The Fourth "R"—Responsibility . . . . .	by Ruth Lentz 20
Hearthstone Salutes—The Browns . . . . .	by Susan B. Chiles 22
Those Objectionable Comic Books . . . . .	by Mary Louise McKinney 29
Three Generations Under One Roof . . . . .	by Mary Peacock 34

### FICTION

That Extra "Thank You!" . . . . .	by Leslie E. Dunkin 9
Bennie Makes a Prayer . . . . .	by Evelyn Gregory 17
Stories for Children . . . . .	26
The Angelus . . . . .	adapted by Jessie B. Carlson
A Bridle for Baldy . . . . .	by Eleanor Hammond
Don't Wait Up for Me . . . . .	by Virginia-Murrill Jeffries 31
A Song Takes Wings . . . . .	by Pat Christian 40

### FEATURES

A Word from the Word . . . . .	1
Worship in the Family With Young Children . . . . .	by Jessie B. Carlson 24
Family Counselors . . . . .	36
Just for Fun . . . . .	38
What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life . . . . .	by J. D. Montgomery 43
The Spinning Wheel . . . . .	by Joey Sasso 45
Books for the Hearth Side . . . . .	47
Over the Back Fence . . . . .	48
Cover Picture . . . . .	by H. Armstrong Roberts

Published By

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION

2700 Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 3, Missouri

C. D. PANTLE, *General Manager*

Volume 1

Editorial Board

Hazel A. Lewis, *Children's Editor*

Jessie B. Carlson, *Assoc. Children's Editor*

E. Lee Neal, *Family Life Editor*

GLENN McRAE

Ray L. Henthorne, *Youth Editor*

Frances Woolery, *Intermediate Editor*

J. D. Montgomery, *Family Life Director*

Editor-in-Chief

Number 2

Application for entry as second class matter is pending.

Quotations from the Old Testament are from the American Standard Revised Version of the Bible, and New Testament quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, both copyrighted by the International Council of Religious Education and used by permission.

Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscription, \$2.50 per year.

Copyright 1949, by the Christian Board of Publication.

Printed in U.S.A.



## Fireside Chat . . .

*Hearthstone's* second issue comes to you with concrete suggestions for the solving of problems facing almost every Christian home. But that is not all! There are stories for all ages, puzzles, and even biography for the enjoyment of our readers.

With the spirit of Thanksgiving uppermost in our hearts and minds during this month of November, we salute the kind of family which typifies Christian home life and for which we are deeply grateful. No, their name is not "Brown" as we call them. Families like these are modest—they shy from publicity, so we respect the sanctity of their home by not revealing their identity.

Parents who have a "going-to-bed" problem with their children will find Mrs. Carlson's suggestions workable in the article "... And So to Bed."

Who doesn't read the comics? Sooner or later children discover them in spite of parent's efforts to prevent it. Miss McKinney approaches the problem from a Christian standpoint and offers attitudes and approaches that are in keeping with Christian principles.

Worship materials this month follow the Thanksgiving theme. Fiction for children also maintains the holiday's mood.

Later years can be golden years. Mrs. Mary Cushing Palmer reveals some secrets to living thoroughly, usefully, and happily after children have gone and Mother and Dad can no longer be called young.

You'll thrill to the romance of the life of Ernest Thompson Seton as told by Florence Kerigan. The title, "I Would Dig a Well," is taken from his book, *Two Little Savages*, an all-time favorite with children.



—A. Devaney, Inc.

The Grand Teton from String Lake, Wyoming

—Ray Loomis

## Let the Hills Sing for Joy

h sing unto the LORD a new song;  
 or he hath done marvellous things:  
 is right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.  
 he LORD hath made known his salvation:  
 is righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.  
 e hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward  
 the house of Israel:  
 ll the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.  
 ke a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:  
 eak forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.  
 ng praises unto the LORD with the harp;  
 ith the harp and the voice of melody.  
 ith trumpets and sound of cornet  
 ke a joyful noise before the King, the LORD.  
 et the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;  
 e world, and they that dwell therein;  
 et the floods clap their hands;  
 et the hills sing for joy together  
 efore the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth:  
 e will judge the world with righteousness,  
 and the peoples with equity.

—Psalm 98.

*A*

*Word*

*from*

**The**

**Word**

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion

# ... And So to Bed

By Jessie B. Carlson

THE BEDTIME ROUTINE may be one of the easiest aspects of your child's life to manage, or it may be the most difficult. If it is the easiest, your friends probably besiege you for your system; if it is the most difficult, your child is probably the victor in the battles that wage daily over the subject. Discovering the cause of the conflict may help to eliminate it. Meeting a child with understanding in this matter will make him much less demanding.

There may be many reasons why a child resists going to bed. Perhaps he is not in his usual good health so is peevish and cross. He would resist anything that might be suggested. Or he may be too tired to cooperate with the good humor he usually shows. Prolonged periods of strenuous play often result in tantrums at bedtime. Watch your child's play schedule for signs of fatigue and you may solve part of your problem.

Too many times parents try to maintain a very strict schedule for bedtime. Regardless of what the child may be doing when that time comes, he is summarily stopped and put to bed. Every child needs to be warned that play time is drawing to a close. Then he has a chance to finish his building, complete his drawing, or oth-

erwise bring to a close the activities which have engrossed him. He may help mother or daddy pick up and put away his toys. Feeling the closeness of such companionship, and the joy of working with his parents, is in itself good preparation for quiet, restful sleep.

This does not mean that some sort of schedule is ill-advised, but children are more important than schedules. When your child has a little leeway and appreciation of his problems and feelings, he will be more likely to respond with cooperation and consideration for your wishes.

Many children have too little time with their fathers. Daddy may be gone for the day before Jimmie is up, and Jimmie goes to bed soon after Daddy returns home in the evening. Eager for companionship and play with each other, Daddy and Jimmie indulge in such active, strenuous play that Jimmie is overstimulated. He is then too excited to settle down to sleep. He needs a quiet, restful atmosphere to aid in inducing sleep. He would benefit more if vigorous play could be reserved for the times when Daddy is home during the day. Daddy might spend the brief evening periods with Jimmie in quiet ways, such as reading, listening to quiet music,

talking about things they have done during the day, and the like.

Sometimes children are put to bed too early. Because Mary required a lot of sleep and went to bed early, you might assume that Billy should be on the same schedule. There are great variations in the sleep requirements of children. There are also fluctuations in each child's sleep needs from day to day. A late afternoon nap might also upset the schedule and make an early bedtime impossible. Study the sleep needs of your child, and if he does not seem to require as much as you thought, put him to bed later and see if your problem is solved.

Some children are particularly sensitive to light and are wakeful until it is quite dark. As the days begin to lengthen in the spring and summer, they cannot go to sleep at the same early hour that they did in the darker days of winter. This is more particularly true in communities where daylight saving time is in effect.

CHILDREN ARE SENSITIVE to the atmosphere and the emotions of those about them. When you are disturbed and tense, or excited about some imminent event, your emotion is communicated to the children. Have you ever heard your friends say, "When we are going out for the evening, Jane just seems to know it. She fights everything we do until it is almost impossible to get away on time." Jane *does* know it. The attitude of her parents tells her plainly that something out of the ordinary is happening. She is hurried through her evening feeding, the bedtime routine is rushed, she misses the cuddling, or the reading, or the conversation with her parents that she usually enjoys in an unhurried, calm content. Is it any wonder that small Jane protests vigorously to this infringement of her rights? The tensions of her parents have become hers until it is difficult to cooperate and go to sleep. And a

## Willoughby Wigg's Bed

Willoughby Wigg when bedtime came around  
Did not wish to retire,  
Was not sleepy at all.

When good-nights should be said he detested his bed—  
He begged for one story,  
One more game of ball.

Willoughby Wigg when breakfast time came  
Did not wish to arise,  
Was not ready at all.

Getting up he thought frightful, his nice bed delightful.  
He wished that his mother  
Would not call—and CALL!

ELEANOR HAMMOND

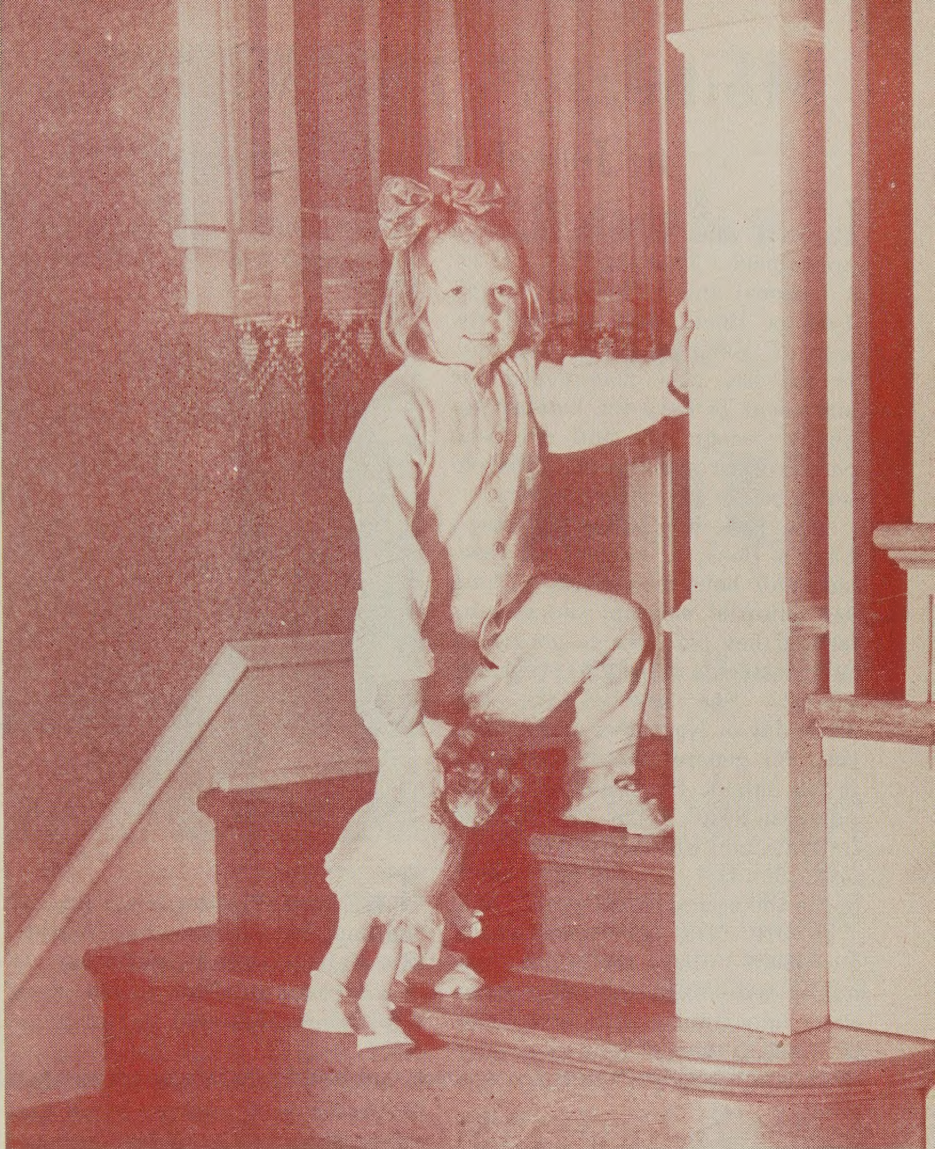
ter is entering a very difficult situation under these circumstances.

Perhaps you are not going out, but have asked some of your friends in for the evening. The living room must be tidied up after Junior's toys are picked up or the night, sandwiches must be made and cokes put on ice, you must get into your new dress and give your hair a last touch, you attempt to rush Junior off to bed with disastrous results. He goes into a tantrum when you try to put him to bed, and wails loudly when he is left alone.

This is not to infer that parents should never go out for the evening or have guests or engage in any other unusual activity. When you plan carefully, you can allow ample time to carry out the habitual routine, however elaborate, that your child is accustomed to. Junior will not then acquire your tensions, he will not feel imposed upon or aggrieved, both of you will find that emotional disturbances are greatly reduced or eliminated altogether.

The demands of other children or of other schedules may sometimes interfere with the bedtime routine and cause disturbances. Even little children can accept reasonable explanations. Positive statements, given in a calm, matter-of-fact voice may help a child to accept a change in his routine. For example, the illness of another member of the family may prevent Mother from putting Bobbie to bed. She may say to him, "Grandmother will put you to bed tonight. I must be with Sue. Tomorrow I will put you to bed." If Grandmother is lavish in her praise of Bobbie's going to bed "like a big boy," she may help to tide him over this difficult moment.

SOMETIMES CHILDREN are punished by being put to bed. When this happens, the emotions that accompanied the punishment may be relieved every time the child goes to bed. When a child is put to bed angry, unhappy, or emotionally distraught, he does not rest well and may be physically upset the next day. Bedtime should be a happy, satisfying time



—Cy La Tour & Son

for children. Some quiet activity reserved especially for this time, such as reading favorite stories of which one of the newest Little Golden Books, *Guess Who Lives Here*, is a good example. Looking at a box of pictures, conversation about the happy events of the day, a half hour alone with Daddy; a quiet game with Mother; help to make it a special time that may be looked forward to with pleasure.

One mother rocks her small daughter for half an hour before time to get ready for bed. This is in no sense an attempt to rock the child to sleep. It began to satisfy the mother's desire to cuddle her child. Bedtime seemed the most intimate time, and one with the least possibilities of interruption. During this period they have conversation, recite poetry to the

rhythm of the rocking, or sing. Both mother and child look forward to it as a time of relaxation.

It is frequently difficult for a child to release consciousness and fall to sleep. He may have trouble in relaxing sufficiently to allow sleep to come. So he keeps demanding all the things he can think of: a drink; a toy; a story; another kiss; or another trip to the bathroom. It does no good to tell him to close his eyes and go to sleep. Talking about sleep may delay rather than hasten it. Some parents have succeeded in making relaxation and sleep a game. They suggest making legs, hands, arms, and head as "heavy, heavy, heavy as can be." Before he knows it, the child has drifted into peaceful slumber.

# Mother of Thanksgiving

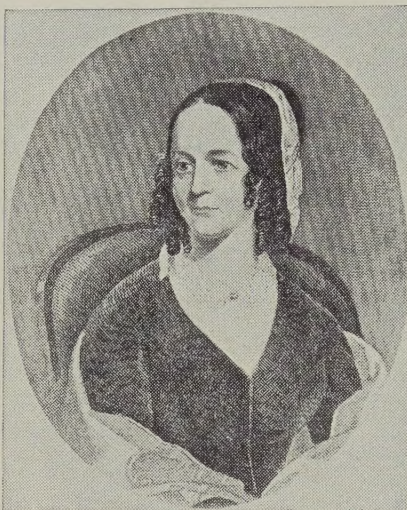
By Joseph Charles Salak

IN 1864 when President Lincoln proclaimed Thanksgiving Day a national public holiday, Sarah Josepha Buell Hale merited the title of Mother of Thanksgiving. It was she who championed the movement to have the holiday annually recognized, and she who personally campaigned for its observance for over thirty years.

Mrs. Hale was editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, a journal of fashions and household hints. Using her editorial column, she supplemented her petitions to governors and presidents in behalf of Thanksgiving. She selected the last Thursday of November as the ideal time for general thanksgiving for it fell outside the influence of the pumpkin-head spirit of harvest festivals, and was fairly close to the first Sunday in Advent which opens the ecclesiastical year.

In 1840 Mrs. Hale sponsored a movement to have the holiday annually recognized, following up at every opportunity with letters and petitions to those of influence. Her

letters usually found their way to print and thereby to public attention.



—R.N.S.

THE first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued by William Bradford, second governor of the Plymouth Colony, 328 years ago, being celebrated in December, 1621.

**CORRECT TEMPERATURE** and adequate ventilation of your child's room may help to solve his sleep problem. If John is too warm, or too cold he will be restless and unable to sleep. Either extreme heat or cold will increase restlessness and sleeplessness on the part of your child.

There are many methods to quiet restlessness and help to induce sleep. With some children the presence of the parent moving about the room, or sitting nearby gives them the confidence that they need to relax into sleep. Sometimes the calming touch of the parent's hand as he tucks a blanket about the child, or gently touches his head, or strokes his shoulder is all that a child needs. Sometimes, in extreme restlessness,

the child is helped to relax and settle down by a change in position, such as walking across the room and back for some reason, getting a drink, or even turning over in bed. One mother gently rubs her child's forehead, looks into his eyes, and softly whispers, "Tom can lie still." And Tom usually does.

Another mother began praying beside her child's crib when he was an infant. She believed that her posture, her tone of voice, her folded hands and closed eyes would help her child to recognize early in life her own deep dependence on prayer. She found that he very soon learned to grow quiet, waiting for her prayer. It became a part of the bedtime procedure that Danny would have missed

"It is ordered that the 11th day of December through this jurisdiction shall be sett apart for a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great and victorious mercys toor deare native countrye, foryr comfortable and seasonable supplying us with moderate showers, and His mercy in withdrawing His afflicting hand from us."

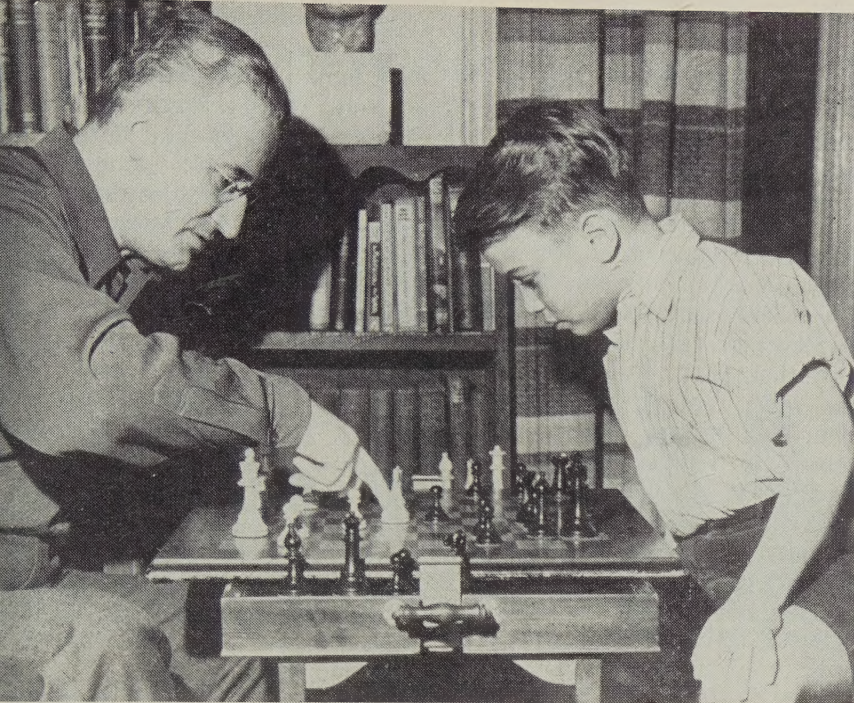
Thirteen years later the Dutch in New York celebrated their first Thanksgiving when they gathered to offer prayers for the safe return of their soldiers from a battle with the Indians between Greenwich and Stamford, Conn. The celebrations of the pilgrims, who traditionally started Thanksgiving, faded into a merger with harvest festivals of a secular mood as time went on. In 1789 President Washington proclaimed Thursday, November 26, as National Thanksgiving Day, but there was no further move to make it an annual event.

To Mrs. Hale we owe a debt of gratitude for her tireless effort toward the securing of Thanksgiving Day.

sorely if it had been omitted. The atmosphere of that room was one which induced relaxation, security, and sleep.

Most frequently it is the children who are emotionally insecure that have the most trouble in going to sleep, and who, therefore, resist going to bed each night. They may talk a great deal all day long about being big boys and girls, but when night comes they are just little boys and girls. Drastic measures do not improve such cases, but only increase the child's dependence on his parents. Sympathetic understanding, unending patience, and deep and genuine affection will give such children the security and stability that will enable them to accept the bedtime routine as easily and as happily as any other part of their schedule.





—Gregor

—Monkmeyer

IN A FASHIONABLE New England suburb, a gang of high-school boys from highly respected families are arrested for housebreaking. Elsewhere, a 14-year-old runs away from home and is found weeks later working as a stable boy at a race track. Another youngster who had been a model student in grade school suddenly begins failing when he hits junior High.

You know the pattern of teenage problems. You've seen it in our own neighborhood if not in our family. All across the country, teen-agers are doing the unexpected. Some are stealing, some are destroying property, others are committing sex offenses or brandishing guns.

But don't forget that at the same time, others are doing unexpectedly good things—winning scholarships, leading in civic activities, setting new athletic records, participating in forums, singing in opera.

That curious combination of maturity and childishness, which we call the adolescent, needs our understanding desperately. His life is more complex in many ways than his elders', because he is still living problems that they have already solved, and, in addition, he's trying to tackle a good many

that have just about licked the old folks.

That crowd that gathers over at the drugstore after Youth Fellowship on Sunday night to listen to be-bop on the juke box and stuff themselves with unbelievable mixtures of ice cream, whipped cream, syrup, nuts, bananas, and fruit! They're in the prime of life, as they see it. They've learned a few things about sports, romance, clubs, and spare-time jobs that they didn't know a few years ago. By their own standards, at least, they are very wise. This is the best time of life—ahead lies only the slow, creeping tragedy of becoming "ancient," perhaps even the catastrophe of passing one's thirtieth birthday in some dim, dark, future day.

**T**EEN TIME is a time of liberation from the home. Betty has been a good daughter through all her little-girl days, and she hasn't ceased to be. She still loves her parents and her home, but with a new sense of detachment. Now, at fourteen, she is beginning to be a person, with a new interest in adult living, particularly as she has seen it in the movies, or read about it in *Seventeen*. In four years she will be old enough for marriage in some states. Perhaps by then she will need to be fully independent

# Maybe He "Looks" Like YOU

By Frank T. Hoadley

of mother's apron strings. If she hasn't already started to achieve that independence, she will begin now by exercising her own judgment (sometimes good, sometimes not so good) with regard to clothes, living routine, boy friends, etc.

It's the same way with Joe. He was a quiet youngster, no more mischievous than the average. Now he's 16, and thinks he detects sign of a beard on his face. Today he is a man! His voice has changed, his muscles have begun to ripple, and shoe-shine boys occasionally call him "sir." Soon he'll be old enough for a full-time job, or maybe the navy. Perhaps he doesn't find the responsibilities of manhood particularly appealing, but the privileges beckon insistently. Well, a fellow can't start everything at once; why not commence with some of the privileges, such as late hours, control of his own money, and maybe a few dates with Betty?

Joe and Betty will do some foolish, headstrong, and willful things, not because they want to be bad, but because they want to be free. It's right that they should be striving toward this freedom, for they'll soon be adults, and adults should be able to stand on their own feet. We don't want them to be hurt in the process, however.

THE JACKPOT QUESTION, then, is "How to gain freedom without being hurt?"

Parents and other adults in the home have a great deal to do with the answer. Young people soak up many of their attitudes from the family. Notice that phrase, "soak up." That's about the way they do acquire attitudes—by absorption. Joe and Betty are not very fond of being told how to think or act, provided they are making normal adolescent efforts to achieve mature independence. But they'll pick up an attitude or point of view that they have been exposed to at home or elsewhere, and they may never know how they did it.

DO YOU LIKE the attitudes Joe and Betty have? Do you like the way they look at money, at success, at neighbors, at church, at public servants? Maybe they "look" like you. If you're a parent, you influence their points of view more than you or they know. You're not the only one, of course—teachers, neighbors, ministers, storekeepers, athletic coaches all have their part. But you're under the same roof with them, more than any of the others, and it stands to reason that your influence will be the strongest.

Take racial attitudes for instance. Or, to be more specific, take young Hank, who goes to high school for the first time and develops a real friendship with Sam,

the only Jewish boy he has ever really known. All goes well until the family meets Sammy.

Now, Hank's family has never been particularly fond of Jews, but as these people are few in number in the town, the subject has seldom arisen. Hank has never had any opportunity to sense the attitude of the family on this subject. But now their latent prejudices are stirred. There is no open flare-up of anti-Semitism, of course. But from time to time thoughtless remarks are dropped. Uncomplimentary jokes are told in dialect. Any mention of Sam meets with a somewhat cool response. It isn't a campaign against Sam, who is a likeable boy. It's just that the family attitudes come to the surface without any conscious effort on their part.

How does this affect Hank?

Well, suppose Hank doesn't recognize what is going on. In this case, he's likely to be influenced slowly and indirectly against his new friend and his friend's race without ever realizing just how it happened. The drops of water wear away the stone, and the repeated remarks wear a groove of prejudice in Hank. In time, he drops Sam from his circle and turns to gentile friends.

On the other hand, maybe Hank is a very wise youngster who fully understands the process to which he is being subjected. If his adolescent quest for independence is not far advanced, he may reason that Jews in general and Sam in particular are anathema to the family, and he'd better find a new buddy.

If he has begun the process of liberating himself from family ties, he may be resentful of the "cold war" against his friend. He may defend him all the more belligerently and stick to Sam as a loyal friend. Even yet, however, the family attitude may take its toll on Hank's understanding of human brotherhood. He may develop the attitude that Jews in general are undesirable as friends, but that Sam is an outstanding exception.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK at the mother before getting hitched up  
(Continued on page 42.)

## Just Like His Dad!

"Well, what are you going to be, my boy,  
When you have reached manhood's years:  
A doctor, a lawyer, or actor great,  
Moving throngs to laughter and tears?"  
But he shook his head, as he gave reply  
In a serious way he had:  
"I don't think I'd care to be any of them;  
I want to be like my Dad!"

He wants to be like his Dad! You men,  
Did you ever think, as you pause,  
That the boy who watches your every move  
Is building a set of laws?  
He's moulding a life you're the model for,  
And whether it's good or bad  
Depends on the kind of example set  
To the boy who'd be like his dad.

Would you have him go everywhere you go?  
Have him do just the things you do?  
And see everything that your eyes behold,  
And woo all the gods you woo?  
When you see the worship that shines in his eyes  
Of your lovable little lad.  
Could you rest content if he gets his wish  
And grows to be like his dad?

It's a job that none but yourself can fill;  
It's a charge you must answer for;  
It's a duty to show him the road to tread  
Ere he reaches his manhood's door.  
It's a debt you owe for the greatest joy  
On this old earth to be had;  
This pleasure of having a boy to raise  
Who wants to be like his dad!

—Author Unknown.

# Faith—Acceptance *and Attack*



"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done..."

By Jack Finegan

THE GREATEST expression of faith in the world must be the words of Jesus, "Thy will be done." These words are found first in Matthew 6:10 where Jesus is teaching his disciples to pray. The petition which they express is found near the center and certainly at the heart of the Lord's prayer. The second time the words are found is in Matthew 26:42. Here Jesus himself is praying in the garden of Gethsemane, and the words of the Lord's prayer echo again in his prayer. As he had taught his disciples to address God, "Our Father who art in heaven," so now he cries out, "O my Father." As he had earlier taught them to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," now finding them sleeping he says, "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation." As he had taught his followers to say, "Thy will be done," now he himself utters the words, "If this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." The appearance of the words in the two contexts of the Lord's prayer and the Gethsemane prayer makes it evident that to pray, "Thy will be done," connotes both attack and acceptance. In the Lord's Prayer the supplication, "Thy will be done," is parallel with the entreaty, "Thy kingdom

come," and both are to take place "on earth as in heaven." This prayer means longing and striving for something not yet realized but possible because it is in line with the eternal purpose of God. It means an attack upon the things as they are for the sake of things as they ought to be.

ON ANOTHER occasion Jesus said, "It is not the will of my Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Robert Raikes did something in line with that. Walking through Sooty Alley in the slums of his city of Gloucester, this wealthy, devout churchman was appalled by the spectacle of all the ragged, dirty children lounging in idleness, fighting, swearing, and damaging property. These were England's children in 1780. Put into the factories and apprentice shops at six years of age, most of them worked twelve hours a day during the week and then on Sunday had no occupation or interest whatsoever. Robert Raikes gathered some of these children together into a group which met on Sunday morning to listen to the reading of the Scriptures and to hear simple moral instruction. This was "Raikes' Ragged School," which grew into the modern Sunday School, a movement in which today millions of young people and adults receive regular religious instruction.

**Christian faith is not pious resignation, but the courage to attack what we as Christians cannot accept**

To pray, "Thy will be done," means to attack some of the world's problems. It means, however, acceptance as well. This latter is the meaning which the prayer had as Jesus uttered it in Gethsemane. There a cup of bitterness was held to his lips. He besought God that it might be taken away from him, but if that were not possible, then he asked that the will of God might be done.

Now let us make three observations concerning this double-sided aspect of faith. First, it is too bad to accept something which ought to be attacked. There is some danger that we will make faith into pious resignation when it ought to mean powerful wrestling instead. One religion in the world has let acceptance and submission predominate too much. That is Islam where too many evils are met with folded hands and the words, "As Allah wills."

In the second place, it is too bad to fight something when we ought to accept it. Probably we Americans are too prone to this latter error. The Europeans usually call us "activists." We expect to tackle everything manfully and triumph over it. There are, however, some things in life where that just cannot be done. There are some things where we have to stand still in the presence of a happening that is beyond our ability to cope with it.

**N**OW, EVEN AT THIS point some people still try to fight back. Since they are frustrated outwardly, the only way they can fight back is by anger, hatred, and resentment. This, however, is extremely disastrous. Dr. N. C. Gilbert, Professor of Medicine at Northwestern University, has recently remarked that "anger brings more pain and attacks than any other emotional disturbance."

In the third place, it is clearly important to be able to tell the difference between the things which we ought to attack and those which we ought to accept. Here are a few suggestions for telling the difference between the two things. We ought to attack a thing before it has happened and accept it after it has happened. Albert Edward Wiggam tells of an old Negro who had had more unfortunate things happen to him than

most people, but had nevertheless always remained cheerful. As his secret of life he said, "I'se jus' learned to cooperate wid de inevitable." Similarly, we ought to attack things which lie in the future and accept things which lie in the past. George V had these words on the wall of his library, "Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk."

**W**E OUGHT TO ACCEPT what is in other people and attack what is in ourselves. It is much easier, as Jesus pointed out, to notice even a splinter in the eye of a brother than it is to recognize a plank in our own eye, but we have a far greater responsibility to correct ourselves than others. In ourselves we ought to attack our perversities and accept our limitations. Every person operates with

some kind of limitations. These cannot be changed, but the spirit with which we use what we have can be changed and often makes all the difference.

In short, we ought to attack what can be changed and accept what cannot be otherwise. Dale Carnegie has said, "No one has enough emotion and vigor to fight the inevitable and, at the same time, enough left over to create a new life." We can choose one or the other. Let us choose that where there is the possibility of doing something constructive.

Our thought is summed up in the following prayer by Reinhold Niebuhr:

Lord, give me the serenity to accept what cannot be changed,  
Give me the courage to change what can be changed,  
And the wisdom to know the one from the other.

## Thanksgiving

I thank thee, Lord,  
For loyal children, near though far away,  
For youth still lingering at my side today,  
For that supreme companionship of life  
Which only deepens with the care and strife,  
I thank thee, Lord.

I thank thee, Lord,  
For work's relentless challenges and stings  
That bid my spirit rise and spread its wings,  
For stirring human life that throngs me round,  
For hidden depths that I have never found—  
I thank thee, Lord.

I thank thee, Lord,  
For pain that drove me, trembling, unto thee,  
For troubled moments when I could not see,  
For times when, through the darkness of the night,  
I heard thy voice declare, "Let there be light!"  
I thank thee, Lord.

MAY GRIGGS VAN VOORHIS

## Thanksgiving in Berlin

"From the human standpoint, we know that several millions of our people will not survive this winter. Pastors are preaching their Thanksgiving sermons today seated in chairs because they are starving. Yet, gratitude to God is both a duty and a goal. We do not pray for more than daily bread. We pray neither for fuel for the winter nor for the dwellings we once had. Poverty is nothing new to Christians. They know that neither poverty nor riches can separate us from the love of God in Christ."

Bishop Alta Dibelius to a crowded church  
on Thanksgiving Day in Berlin.  
(R.N.S.)

## Where Love Is

● Ah, this famine of love! How it saddens my soul!

● I stand against all learning, all institutions, all governments, all arts, all religions, which reject love. I protest against every so-called church which preaches faith and fails to love. I oppose the politicians who rely on force and know nothing about love.

● Through love all things are born again. Love alone is all-powerful. Love creates, rears, leads. Love alone is eternal. Love created the world and love maintains the world. Love is the very essence of God.

● If any man desires me to revere him, let him offer me love. To the loving I shall grudge no word of reverent praise. Even if his love be but imperfect, for me it is a revelation and a way leading me toward God.

*Where Love is, there is God.*

TOYOHICO KAGAWA

*From Federal Council of Churches of Christ Bulletin.*

MAXINE BENTON'S BEEN voted the most popular person on the campus!" announced Clarence coming from the college-paper's office where the student vote was being counted. "Nobody can catch up with her total now!"

"I had a hunch she would be," smiled David with confident satisfaction. "I voted for her myself!"

"Why?" puzzled Edna.

"She's not particularly a 'date' favorite with the fellows, even when she has time for dates," said David. "Yet she never lacks for dates."

"There's a lot more that she doesn't have," continued Edna. "She's not a leader in her grades, nor in many other ways, and yet she's been voted the most popular student this year on the campus. Why is it?"

"Let me suggest a general reason, that might include many of the other reasons," spoke up Fern. "I've been noticing Maxine the three years she's been here."

"What is it?" insisted Edna. "That's what we've been curious to know."

"Edna wants to be the most popular one next year," bantered Clarence.

"It wouldn't hurt any of us to try to increase our popularity," David offered, "at least the kind that Maxine seems to have, so let's have it, Fern."

"The best way I know to express it, is that she always has that extra 'thank you,'" began Fern. "She has such a sincere way of letting you know she appreciates what's being done, whether for her or somebody else. Everybody likes that kind of a person, at least according to this vote."

"Come to think about it, she has a wide variety of ways of doing that," spoke up Clarence, "and what really counts, she seldom seems to overlook making use of as many ways as possible. The more the merrier for everybody, even including herself."

"Just what are you talking about?" puzzled Edna. "Explain yourselves, both of you. You're talking a language I don't understand yet."

# That Extra "Thank You!"

A short story for you from the college campus.

By Leslie E. Dunkin

"For example and to be clearer," continued Clarence, "Maxine is always saying, 'thank you,' or the like for the many little things which the rest of us take for granted every day without saying a word about them."

NO FAVOR IS so small, but what Maxine sees fit to say "Thank you" for it, as enthusiastically as though it were for the gift of a million dollars. Clerks in the stores, people who open the door ahead for her, teachers who return lesson papers to her or who assist her with her work, and everybody else is sure to get a "thank you" with a grateful smile.

"Have you ever heard about her 'thank you' letters?" asked Fern. "She leaves a trail of these behind her wherever she goes. When a college course is finished and after the semester's grades have been recorded, she will write a brief 'thank you' note for her teacher. When she is entertained in any home, whether over a week-end or for a single meal, she invariably takes time to write her thanks to her hostess and host."

This is not a slavish obedience to the custom of finer etiquette. Each of these letters has a friendly informality which makes the receiver feel that Maxine is calling back as she leaves, "Many thanks for the wonderful time I have had!"

"Come to think about it," volunteered David, "Maxine is everlastingly doing 'thank you' deeds for others."

He explained that nobody could do a thing for her, but what within a very short time she would find an opportunity to do something special for this person without any thought or feeling of having to "pay the person back." It is

merely another way for her to say an extra "thank you."

THEY REMEMBERED TOO that whenever Maxine saw somebody trying to do something for a third person, she would add her "thank you" help without seeming to intrude prominently with her extra efforts. She was saying "thank you!" to the person for whom the favor was being done and also to the person doing the favor for being helpful to others.

"Yes, and when she is in another group of students," explained Fern, "I know that whenever the conversation turns to include me while I am absent, Maxine Burton is expressing sincere appreciation to the others for something I have done or said or merely for myself alone. I know she is never saying anything harmful or critical about me to others in my absence. In this way she says 'thank you' to others for the absent people."

"Is that why Maxine has so much gratitude in her prayers in the various college groups?" puzzled Edna with increasing interest. "She told me one day that the main reason for doing Christian service for others is it means saying 'thank you!' to God for what He does all the time for her."

"Do you know?" spoke up David. "I think it would help all of us if we would give more attention to our extra 'thank you's' without any thought of trying to gain greater popularity with others—the way it has benefited Maxine. I know she has never thought about this honor for her while being grateful. I wonder how she'll say 'thank you!' to the students for their appreciation of her sincere continual gratitude?"

HOW OFTEN WE elderly people are reminded by kind friends of those familiar and comforting words of Browning:

*Grow old along with me;  
The best is yet to be.*

I would like to change those first two words. We are being told, in these days that growing old is merely a bad habit that no busy person has time to form. Nobody grows old by living a certain number of years they say (we have all known oldish young people and youngish old people). It doesn't matter so much how old we are but how we are old, and it is not so important to add years to life as to add life to years.

Over General MacArthur's desk hangs this framed sentence: "Years may wrinkle the skin, but it is losing enthusiasm that wrinkles the soul."

Walter Pitkins' book, *The Best Years*, is based on the theory that one can live long without growing old. I believe that theory, for in the words of the familiar poem, "Age is a quality of mind." So I hope it would not be displeasing to Browning if I make his first line read, "Live long along with me." Now that the word "old" has disappeared, we come to that second line with which we heartily agree.

When the joys and satisfactions, the worries and cares of raising a family and of earning the wherewithal to support them are all over, then husband and wife are indeed blessed with the wealth of opportunities that now lie ahead.

I remember hearing one of the Marthas of this world exclaim, one night: "Oh, I wish my day didn't fit so tight!" We know what she meant. She wanted a daily margin for herself that she didn't have—a margin of time for companionship with family, friends, books, music and all the myriad things that make life rich and full.

Our homemakers, in their sunset years, have that margin. There may not be much real work any longer, nor much money, but there is time to spare, so why hurry? Now they can take a course together in the University of Leisure, where they can add to the three "R's" two more—right rest.

# The Best



—Keystone View Co.

Now there is time!—Leisure not only for evenings like this, but for travel, friends, the classics, music, and best of all, for doing the things crowded hours discouraged.

One writer defines education as that process that helps a man to endure himself in old age. I would change "endure" to "enjoy."

## Leisure and Liberty

"Leisure," from its derivation, means "liberty" so the students in this university have liberty to choose what they will do and how many things from which they may choose! I like the choice Walt Whitman made when he said: "I loaf and invite my soul." We know that time killing is never truly loafing; that loafing may be, in fact, largely an attitude of mind; that there is nothing so tiring as retiring.

Edward Bok used to say that work from necessity is work. Work from choice is play. Our experts in the time budget point out that life is made up of three things, work, rest and play, and they would divide the twenty-four hours equally among the three. But our two "elderly people," so called, may find it wise to vary that division and follow the popular demand for shorter working hours.

## Work to do

We all agree there must be some work of some kind, for the old proverb rings true:

"Absence of occupation is not rest;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

Emerson spoke truly when he called a task a life preserver. I recall that businessman who, after reaching the age of retirement to which he had looked forward so eagerly, soon discovered that the joys of idleness are a delusion. Yes, busy idleness is what we want.

Many years ago, I came across some lines that I memorized for future use:

"When I grow old

God grant that I may find  
Some task that must be done—  
Or someone fare the worse;  
That in some corner of the earth  
Someone may need my hand  
When I grow old."

And I like, too, that prayer: "Lord, give me work until my life is done and give me life until my work is done."

# Yet

By Mary Cushing Palmer

Of course there must now be less work and of a different kind perhaps (a younger man may handle the lawn mower more efficiently and a younger woman, the spring housecleaning), but our new work may be quite as important and we are still "on the Master's books." Many things are accomplished, not by speed or strength, but by mature judgments, long experience and influence, and these, age can contribute in abundance.

We need now a variety of part-time interests; still waking every morning full of plans for the day, still looking forward, not backward. Lyman Abbott gave good advice when he said, "Always stand on the bow of the ship."

## Rest and Health

To have the strength, the courage, the good cheer for which we pray, it goes without saying that we must keep well—that means taking the ounce of prevention of illness, the most important ingredient of which is rest. Resting is never wasting time if it is recreating us. In fact, it may often mean the saving of time. We feel sorry for those people whose own resources seem to be exhausted, and who are seeking always excitement and never rest.

It is not always easy to recognize the physical limitations that inevitably accompany advancing years, and our busy idleness can easily become too busy. However, we can remind each other to slow down when signs of weariness and strain appear. Perhaps we need to turn to that third division of our time—play.

## Worthwhile Play

As we have already been told, play may be work from choice. I know of elderly couples who are now finding their play in valuable volunteer service to various good causes. Others are taking adult education courses in subjects of mutual interest. Still others, with artistic ability, are now "having time to paint landscapes and sea

views. But whatever our play is, we must choose it ourselves. No one can do it for us. We have a reason for working, but we play just because we want to. Someone has defined play as something we would rather do than eat. It is not of necessity playing a game, though sometimes it is just that. We may find it in sitting comfortably in our homes, while our radio brings to us the greatest musicians, lecturers, and preachers in the whole world. What a boon to the stay-at-homes!

Because music has always been my favorite avocation, while my singing voice may now be a bit cracked and my fingers no longer suited to the violin, I still find inward joy in playing old favorites on the piano or in reading new music. And while my husband never could "carry a tune," it has been a joy to him to listen, especially to my memory hymns, at the Sunday twilight hour. That, to me, is one of the great compensations of age.

How much more the beautiful symphonies, the thoughts of great minds mean to us now and the lovely pictures that nature paints for us. We begin to say, with Browning:

"I find earth's not grey but  
rosy,  
Heaven's not grim but fair of  
hue;  
Do I stoop, I pick a posy,  
Do I stand and stare, all's  
blue."

Carlyle called worship "transcendent wonder." It is this wonder that we feel more and more.

In my own family, since the retiring age was reached, the favorite activity has been taking trips in our little car; reaching "from sea to shining sea." This gave us that "transcendent wonder" over the

Yosemite, the Yellowstone, Death Valley, our great canyons and caverns. We now see infinitely more along the road and enjoy a closer companionship than would have been possible in earlier years.

## Good Reading

Probably the larger part of our playtime is now spent in reading, either alone or aloud, the many, many books and magazines for which there had never before been opportunity. A good book has well been called a good friend.

This reminds us of one of the most precious possessions of these later years—our friendships. Euripides spoke truly when he said: "It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be loved by many friends." Never have they meant so much to us as now.

## Contentment

Yes, while "our pace may be a little slowed," life grows richer, fuller, less restless, more content. James Hilton thanks God for youth that makes us desire things and for age that gives us contentment without them. No longer do we need the excitement of the merry-go-round. We are quite content to do the little tasks that still lie within our power; with the quiet joys and satisfactions; and above all, perhaps, with the memories that fill our days. It has been well said that we have memories that fill our days. It has been well said that we have memories that we may have roses in December.

And now that we have found that the sunset years may still be busy years and filled with contentment and joy, let's look for the deepest contentment of all, that we call "peace." To come through all sorts of experiences that are incident to every life, we need deep resources that will save us from worry, anxiety, and distrust of ourselves. So I like Fosdick's definition of "peace" as the awareness of reserves beyond ourselves upon which we can draw.

Here's what modern "old folks" discover about living



# Marilyn Finds Death's Meaning

By Norma C. Brown

—Monkmeyer

"How did my grandpa get up to heaven?" Marilyn asked. "Did he have to climb a tree?"

—Jungman.

AS OF SEPTEMBER 28, 1947, the nearest little Marilyn had come to an encounter with death was in the fatal injury of her Easter chicken when she was eighteen months old and the death of her grocer when she was a few months past three. In the latter case, the man just dropped from sight and she overheard remarks in the store about his having died. That was all.

But from September 29th, it was a different story. She was thirteen days short of her fourth birthday when we reached her and her mummy with the news that

Marilyn's dearly loved grandpa had slipped away. Until her daddy's return from service and their subsequent removal to a place one hundred fifty miles distant when she was two years, nine months, she and Mummy had lived with Grandma and Grandpa in the house which she still insistently calls "the real home . . . 'cause I like this house more better than I do our apartment." She has two grandmas and one great grandma, but she had known only one grandpa and between them there was an understanding of rarest quality. Now he was gone.

We could and, of course, would spare her seeing the body or shar-

ing the funeral services which would only supply unnecessary details to haunt her little mind. But there was no escaping her coming for some days to the house where she had always found him. She knew that he had been ill and that they were planning to come within a few days to see him. She had heard too about his hunger which could not be satisfied by the scant foods his ailing body would tolerate.

With no more background than that, as they prepared for the journey, her mother said, with simple forthrightness: "Grandpa has gone to heaven to be with God."

HER ANSWER CAME quickly and with characteristic fluency: "Well I think that's just fine, and I do hope they give him enough to eat and that he comes back real soon." For the moment, no questions.

Arriving at the house next day she was very solemn and wide-eyed. She got out her color books and proceeded to take care of herself. Normally she would have had a hundred desires to express and questions to ask. Under this circumstance she had none. Peo-

ple came and went. Friends came in groups, bringing large supplies of food, house flowers, and offers of service. Several were staying, taking over all household responsibilities. There was her uncle whom she seldom had the chance to see. The family was restrained but the air was electric with the advent of the unusual. And Grandpa was not there. She observed everything and made no comment.

The burial was one-hundred-twenty-five miles away. A generous friend took her in charge for the day and when her parents returned she was fast asleep. Next morning she looked at one of Grandpa's pictures, undisturbed, in its accustomed place and said: "How did my grandpa get up to heaven? Did he have to climb a tree?"

"No, Grandpa's body didn't go to heaven. It is the real Grandpa who lived in his body as his house who is with God."

This question recurs and remains the most difficult to satisfy, though an explanation is always accepted for the moment without argument.

Still looking at the picture: "Jesus died and came back. Why can't Grandpa?"

To which Mummy replied: "Jesus lives to show us that we can. And we do live after we die. And Grandpa lives, but honey, it's in a different form and in a different country that we can't see."

A few days afterward, enroute home, she was making running comments about "my grandpa" when with a radiant, triumphant look she said: "And he doesn't have any more pain."

IT WAS MANY WEEKS later that she went with Mummy and Daddy to see some friends who live in a third floor apartment. She was feeling very close to heaven for with her, as with most children, the sense of its physical and literal location as "up" seemed unavoidable. Apropos of nothing in the conversation, she stood on the davenport, stretched her little arms as high as she could reach and said: "My . . . it's high up here. . . . My grandpa's

up there. Mummy, how did he get up there? Did he have to climb a tree or . . .," with a sudden look of illumination, "or maybe, maybe it was like in that book, where Jesus was standing on a cloud, going up like this," her hands now extended about waist high, palms up; her head thrown back and her eyes gazing at the ceiling as though looking through and beyond it. "Like in that book . . . . you know . . . . the book you hid from me because it was too old for me . . . you remember, don't you?"

Yes, Mummy remembered. It was a book which had been given her a year ago. It was not only "too old" it fell short of Mummy's standards as to what a child should be taught, as alas, was true of several stories told her elsewhere than home. But this book, before it had been safely hidden, had been discovered by a baby sitter for whom it provided an easy evening of entertainment for her charge. No reference had ever been made to it until now.

A few days after her grandpa's death her much anticipated baby brother arrived. On that stormy February day I was bringing her "home" for a "vacation." A little crestfallen, though forewarned that hospital rules kept her from seeing Mummy and Billy, she was nonetheless glad to be off on a trip. There is magic for her in the word "vacation" but all her vacations must be in grandpa's house which to her is home. For days she had been all eagerness for Aunt Norma's coming to take

her to see Grandma and Lady Craig—her great-grandmother to whom as a tiny toddler Marilyn had given this name.

SNUG IN THE WARM car in the midst of the storm, she grew very loquacious, starting one liberal installment of conversation with this:

"My . . . it's a stormy day . . . but it's not nearly so bad as the day my grandpa died."

"Oh, you remember that it rained then?"

"Yes, it was an awful day . . . but my grandpa loves me if he is in heaven, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"He'll always love me, won't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Both of my grandpas love me. One of them I never saw but he loves me, they'll both always love me."

So she accepts the grandpa she knew and lost as a living, ongoing part of her life, missed in the physical presence but still very real and as natural a subject of conversation as though he were by her side. And loveliest of all, her ability to regard him as living and loving, though unseen, has made it possible for her, at four, to include within her intimate circle of loved and loving a grandpa who was tragically killed in an accident when her daddy was a little boy.

Ten days after our ride on that stormy afternoon she was making the return trip. Grandma was

(Continued on page 46.)



## Sink Sonnettes

By Frances Brown

### Leafing Through the Cookbook

"What recipe shall we choose to make,"

I asked my little Don,

"Oh, bake the cake you always take

With all the finger marks on."

# "I Would Dig a Well"

By Florence Kerigan

A COUPLE OF CENTURIES AGO, a lady in waiting to Mary Queen of Scots married George Seton, last Earl of Seton. It is a far leap from the misty crags of Scotland to the pinon-dotted mountains of New Mexico—from the ivy-clad castles of queens to the adobe pueblos of Indians—from the frail Canadian immigrant lad to an internationally known author, artist, lecturer, and teacher. But Ernest Thompson Seton made that leap.

No, that is not quite true. One does not leap to international fame any more than one leaps to the top of a mountain peak. The upward climb is slow and painful, and the trail upward in Seton's life is as clearly marked as the wagon tracks on the old Santa Fe Trail.

Ernest Thompson was born in South Shields, England, on August 14, 1860, the twelfth of fourteen children, and a descendant of the Earl of Seton. Later he legally added the name of Seton to his own and was known to three generations of young people as Ernest Thompson Seton.

We see him first a boy of five, crossing the Atlantic, which was not a pleasure trip in those days. But young Ernest enjoyed it for he had discovered the rats on the ship! Was it boredom which first focussed his attention on them and won his life-long interest in all animals?

Five hundred miles inland, on the outskirts of Lindsay, Ontario, his father had bought a farm. There for the next four years Ernest and the other children did their chores, chopped ice to get water for the stock, brought in logs for the fire, and helped plant and harvest the crops. They went to the little log schoolhouse a mile away with little Ernest trailing along, his eyes open to the traces of his woodland friends.

He was skillful with his hands in wood-carving and carpentry. His grandfather had sent him a book on engraving, and his brother bought him woodcutting tools. Even at that early age his double destiny was foreshadowed—love of animals and artistic talent.

When the Thompson family moved to Toronto he was unhappy for the boys at school called him "Squinty," and he missed the wilderness.

**The story of one man—author, artist, naturalist, heir of English royalty—a man who travelled, created, knew great people, and loved children enough to write their favorite books. AND to him the Boy Scouts owe their origin.**



"There he built a cabin."

But he was changed to another school where he led his class and won a scholarship to high school, and he was able to spend some time in Toronto Marsh and Island studying the birds. He heard of a book called *Birds of Canada* and worked at a number of odd jobs to earn the dollar it cost, only to be disappointed in its worth.

AT FOURTEEN, thin, under-developed from too much study, he was sent back to stay with the people who had bought his father's farm. There he built a cabin and learned to hunt with bow and arrow to live the way the Indians did, which later became the basis for the world-wide best seller, *Two Little Savages*. The experience probably saved his life when a year later he became ill of tuberculosis and had to live an outdoor life until health returned.

His ambition even as a boy was to become a naturalist, but his father appreciated his artistic talent and insisted that he take up art as a career. So he became a "portraitist's assistant." He also aided the

(Continued on page 46.)

# Mothers Crusade for World Peace

**W**OMEN HAVE IT in their power to decide whether or not wars shall be abolished. Were the women of the world, particularly the mothers, to organize their overwhelming desire for peace, nothing could stand in their way.

Mothers are creators—to a greater extent even than fathers. Having charge of the children in their earliest years, they influence the first thinking of statesmen, leaders, war-makers, peace-makers, and the rank and file of human beings. Memories born in the home influence the development of character and the whole life of every individual. Since mothers are the chief home-makers, they have the largest share in creating those memories. Also it is a fact that women now have more power over the life of humanity than ever before in history. Therefore, they have a greater responsibility for the development of the human race.

This sense of the responsibility of the modern mother took hold of my spirit with a relentless grip in the year 1943 when we were in the midst of World War II. At that time two of my sons were in the armed forces of the U.S.A.—one in the army, the other in the navy. This made me feel my kinship to the other mothers of the world who were suffering as I was. I was overwhelmed with the realization of the futility and waste of the accumulated emotions of the mothers of the world in time of war. How logical and right it would be were the collective passion of mother love to be used constructively to build peace. It was then that the idea of the World Association of Mothers for Peace was born in my soul. The mothers of every race and of every nation have one language in common. It is the language of love for their children, the desire to save them, pro-

tect them, to raise them to fulfill their destinies. Even as mothers prepare the cradle and the clothes for their children and seek to develop their characters by prayer and teaching, so they desire to do their part in preparing the world in which they will have to live. It is nonsense for mothers to pour their lives into their children if those children are to be blasted into nothingness by an atom bomb!

I began to write furiously. However, this was the beginning and the end of my endeavor at the time. Physical strength, financial resources, time, helpers were all lacking. Yet they were needed to cause the vision to become reality. During the next two years, while I continued my work of conducting evangelistic preaching missions undenominational in character, two events took place which shook me to the depths of my being. My youngest son was killed in the Pacific area and the atom bomb was dropped on two cities in Japan. Well do I remember leaving a city in which I was preaching and going into the country to be alone with my thoughts and there weeping for a whole day as I felt my soul tolerably burdened with the guilt, the inexcusable guilt, and folly of war. But still I was chained by the sense of helplessness.

Then on Mother's Day, May 12, 1946, in Spokane, Washington, a chance remark caused the smoldering spark in my heart to burst into flame and the first Charter of the World Association of Mothers for Peace was written. I still had no financial aid, no fellow-workers

and little time to spare from my other labors. *But this had to be done* and I knew that if I waited for human aid it would never come to pass. So I went ahead in faith. On May 14 the charter was endorsed by the Spokane Council of Churches and Christian Education. The organization was launched in a public meeting in the Roger High School on May 18, and incorporated by forty charter members in the State of Washington on June 7.

**I**N THESE DAYS of crisis for the whole human race there is, to my mind, one great sin and that is for anyone to refuse to do his or her bit, however small, as a peace-maker. War is no more inevitable than is our sin of indifference and our unbelief. There was a time when we believed that thousands had to perish from tuberculosis, typhoid, and plague. Now we know that these diseases of the body can be controlled and overcome—they have been overcome by faith and works. War is a disease of the soul of humanity. More than knowledge and the science of politics is needed to overcome it, but unless it is overcome humanity will perish. Man has his back to the wall. He realizes that he cannot save himself merely through the use of mind or matter. He needs a spiritual force and this he has deliberately neglected.

This is where mothers, particularly Christian mothers who more than any other persons help to develop human conscience, can and should come to the rescue. Since wars begin in the souls of men and women—in their angers, hatreds, fears, suspicions, selfishness and greed, the children of men must be taught that the secret of world peace is to be found in greater tolerance, unselfishness, patience, wisdom, understanding of one an-

By **Victoria Booth  
Demarest**

other's problems, and the ability of giving one's self and sharing one's goods. These things can best be taught them by the women who rear them. The time has come when Christianity must be practiced as well as professed. This must begin in the home where the mothers are the teachers.

**U**PON MY RETURN to New York, I realized that this metropolis, which is the location of United Nations, was the logical home base for a world association of mothers. I, therefore, started to work to incorporate "Mothers for Peace" in the Empire State.

Hundreds of letters went out to all parts of the world. An organization of the W. M. P. was founded in Japan on November 11, 1948, under the brave leadership of Madame Kurako Nishigori, who travelled on foot from village to village in her country organizing groups of women to work for peace. Her sudden but triumphant death was caused by overwork and her last message was one of inspiration and encouragement to her fellow-workers in the World Association of Mothers for Peace. She has been succeeded by Madame Taneko Yakata, also an inspired leader. In Brazil a brave group of Mothers for Peace is turning the thoughts and endeavors of their fellow-women to praying and working and raising their children for peace.

**I**N OUR RANKS we have children as Peace Champions, and men as Associate Members. We welcome all races and nations. One of our National Directors belongs to the Negro race. Unmarried women and childless wives are members since childbearing is not necessarily synonymous with the spirit of motherhood.

Two characteristics, consequent upon motherhood at its best—vision and realism, or, if you will, imagination and practical common sense—make mothers ideal workers for peace. Both of these qualities are needed if we are rightly to appraise the fate of a humanity which continues to be tyrannized by wars. To act rightly we must see clearly.

**For Thirty-five years Mrs. Demarest has been preaching and doing evangelistic work. She was recently ordained a minister. She is the granddaughter of Gen. William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, and wife of C. Agnew Demarest.**



—R.N.S.

Peace will come to our world only when men and women are willing to give to the winning of peace as much devotion, self-sacrifice, time, effort, heroism, financial support, selflessness, ardent prayer, and perseverance as they have given to the waging of war. Art, music, literature—all our talents and gifts—should be enlisted in the service of peace. Hence we have a theme song, "We the Mothers of the World," which has already been translated into German for our German Mothers for Peace, and a Mother's Marching Song, "Oh, Mothers, Mothers, Mothers," the words of which have been written by the world-famous poet, Angela Morgan. Our Japanese members have written and composed their own song, "The Light of Peace." Our emblem is the dove of peace, its white wings silhouetted against the world's continents and oceans. Any woman anywhere in the world who has the mother-heart and the desire to pray and work for peace may become a member-at-large of the W. M. P. by paying a nominal fee. And as few as nine members of the W. M. P. may form a Unit to carry out our program. Outstanding and inspiring men and women, such as E. Stanley Jones, Vera Brittain, Bishop Martin Niemöller, Frank Laubach, Mrs. Isabel Caleb of India, are on our International Advisory Council.

**O**UR PROGRAM includes building a world-wide prayer union for peace—prayer is a mighty force—the study of world affairs; character training; communication, co-operation and fellowship with like-minded mothers in other countries; holding meetings to discuss ways and means of advancing the cause of peace; taking our share of responsibility in the government of our country and toward achieving peace with other nations—for instance, by supporting United Nations. But most important of all—we mothers must train our children to glorify peace instead of war, and we must make them realize that peace is "the fruit of righteousness" justice, kindness, equity, and freedom.

Recently several organizations of mothers which have sprung up throughout the world and which are somewhat similar to ours. One of our hopes is to bring these organizations into fellowship and co-operation with each other. These are gleams of light in the darkness. Let us not only pray but also work—faith without works is dead—for the answer to the prayer: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth."

World Association of Mothers for Peace, Inc.

1925 Seventh Avenue, Apt. 2-B  
New York 26, N. Y.

# Bennie Makes a Prayer

**B**ENNIE HAD THOUGHT about it all day. He had wanted to tell his mother, but his sense of drama had demanded a larger audience. Now was the time! His audience sat around the Sabbath table spread with its white cloth. The seven candles flickered cheerfully in the burnished brass candelabra. Grandpa Lehmann broke the Sabbath loaf and spoke the benediction. Bennie sensed that his grandma was about to take flight to the kitchen to oversee the "shikse" in the serving of the soup. His father and Uncle David would soon begin their talk of buy-

ing and selling houses, and Aunt Fanny was already telling mother about her new hat. Cousin Deborah sat with her usual expressionless face, greedily anticipating grandma's noodle pudding. The kiddush<sup>1</sup> was almost over. This was the moment Bennie had waited for.

Isaac Lehmann put down the wine cup and looked at his small grandson. He had felt the boy's impatience to be done with the holy service and spoke to him now.

<sup>1</sup>Prayer that ushers in and sanctifies the sacred day. According to the Talmud the ceremony of kiddush was instituted by the men of the Great Synagogue.

By Evelyn Gregory

"What is it, Bennie?"

"I have a surprise for you, for everybody," he announced.

Debby looked up with mild interest but Molly Lehmann had already started for the kitchen. The conversation at the far end of the huge table subsided a little. The stage was set.

"I have learned a prayer," Bennie said.

**G**RANDPA WAS PLEASED, Bennie could tell. There were crinkles around his eyes just above his beard.

"So?" the old man said, with a great show of trying to make Bennie believe he wasn't much interested. "Everybody should learn prayers. Only one prayer, Bennie?"

"But Grandpa, this one I learned today. I'm going to say it now."

"Wait for Grandma," Isaac urged. "Molly! Molly! Your grandson is going to make a prayer."

"The soup is hot and it's served," Molly told him, coming in from the kitchen. She was intent only on the successful serving of what she knew was a fine meal. Her hands were occupied with two plates of chicken soup that had simmered long and slowly. Jenny Hartwell followed behind with two more plates.

Isaac and Bennie knew that when Grandma served soup there was only one thing they could do and that was to eat it. Bennie blinked his eyes a few times. Isaac leaned over to him.

"Don't worry, Bennie," he consoled. "Before the meat you can say your prayer. It will be a bigger surprise for everybody."

Bennie looked at his mother but her reassuring smile did not seem to help much. He was completely disheartened. He dropped his head



"Bennie scrambled onto his grandpa's lap and watched as Isaac closed his eyes to pray."

over his soup, blinked his eyes again, and then concentrated upon pushing a piece of carrot around his plate.

ISAAC LEHMANN OPENED his huge linen napkin with great care and tucked the corner of it under the second button of his vest. The rest he spread out over his round stomach. He scrutinized his soup spoon and dipped it into the plate. His nose hovered for an instant over the steaming liquid and then he tasted it. A gentle noise came from his lips, inquisitive, testing. Again he lifted a spoonful, this time two noodles rested gently under the rich speckles of fat. Another peculiar sound emerged, and then his appreciative glance met Molly's waiting eyes. The meal had begun.

The joy of the Sabbath filled the old man. What greater blessing could anyone have? His children were around him, his wife was healthy and happy. He had no financial troubles to worry about and plenty of fine food to eat. And on top of all this he thought of his grandchildren. He looked at Bennie. His heart was full of love and sympathy for the boy's little disappointment. His gray hair crept out from under his little black skull cap and his mouth drooped just a little. Isaac smiled as he thought of the fuss he would make over Bennie when he did say his prayer. He decided to pass up his usual second plate of soup so the wide mouth might curve upward again.

"Now, Molly," he commanded when the plates were removed and before Jenny had time to bring in the vegetables, "it's time. Sit quietly everybody and Bennie shall make the prayer he learned today."

Bennie looked at his mother, who did not know what to expect, and then at his father, who knew only pride. He bent his head and began to speak,

"Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us

not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

BENNIE DID NOT LET his eagerness to survey his audience keep him from making the "Amen" a majestic piece of art. When it at last died away he looked up triumphantly but all eyes were upon Isaac who sat in surprised silence, his head still bent. When he did lift his face it was accusing and hurt. He looked at his son and his words were in Yiddish.

"From where did he get this prayer?"

Bennie's slim, dark mother answered her father-in-law firmly, unapologetically.

"Susan Winters taught it to him."

"Susan Winters?"

"Yes, Pa," Abe put in. "You know Ralph Winters' little girl, Susie."

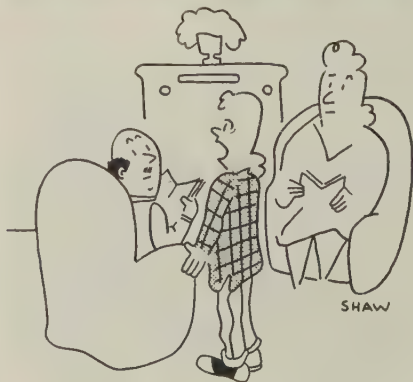
The old man nodded, but they knew that they could no longer forestall the consequences.

"That is a Christian prayer," Isaac stated flatly.

Bennie looked at his mother and then at his father. He sensed everything had not gone as he had expected. He searched his grandfather's face for approval but realized that he was extremely unhappy and Bennie forgot himself in his concern for Isaac.

"Susie says it at Sunday school every Sunday, Grandpa," he said anxiously.

The old man ignored him and directed his next remark to his Molly.



"It's not for me—think of all the radio prizes Mother could win if we had a telephone!"

"You heard him. A Christian prayer."

"Yes, Papa, such a good memory Bennie's got." Molly smiled at the little boy.

Isaac Lehmann held his head.

"Oi! Oi! And to what is the world coming? A Christian prayer at kiddush and you sit like stumps on a log! Before he is confirmed you'll have a Gentile in the house. I bet you he is drinking milk with his meat already. Ah! What a sorrow! Molly, is this for what we came from Europe, so our grandson could learn yet a Christian prayer?"

"But, Pa," Abe, Bennie's father protested mildly, "he's just a child. He doesn't know anything about this Gentile, Jewish business yet."

"He's young, he could yet be a rabbi," Molly soothed. "He's a very smart child, Papa."

The old man snorted.

"Rabbi, with Christian prayers! Or no prayers like your brother Ben."

Aunt Fanny giggled.

"We are not going to dig up Uncle Ben again this Friday," she said in unbelief.

"Dig up? Who's digging up? I only said that he was a no-good."

"He was good," Molly argued. "It was his luck that was bad."

"And his liquor," Uncle David put in, making Aunt Fanny giggle more than ever.

Isaac Lehmann opened his mouth and then closed it. How had the conversation turned so swiftly? Where had he been lost?

Jenny had brought in a hugh platter of roast beef. Molly cut generous slices and began to serve the plates. Her look took them all in.

"Eat," she said, and as Isaac took his plate, "eat, Papa."

Ruth and Fanny complied with Molly's command in silent gratitude. Dave sought out his brother's eyes and each knew the other was ashamed of the flippant conversation that had taken place. It was as if they were personally responsible for the affront to their father. They alone knew how deeply he was hurt. For many Fridays they had indulged

their father in this observance of kiddush. They had enjoyed their mother's food and each other's company, but each had oftentimes wished that the other would be the first to break off the obligation.

And yet, what else more important did they have to do? A strange feeling came over him. He and Fanny had left the synagogue many years ago to join the more fashionable temple. It was considerable better for his law practice and some of their members were married to Gentiles. Fanny's mother had never kept a kosher house, and so she certainly could not be expected to keep one.

All these things his father had accepted, though sorrowfully, but had gone his way, observing all the old traditions. He had walked to and from the "schul" as was the ancient custom; he had washed his hands at the proper times and was the first to be ready to say kaddish<sup>2</sup> whenever a friend died. He was one of the few bearded men left in their town, but it did not bother him. He stood apart and yet he stood for something. Dave felt as if he and Abe stood for nothing. They had not accepted fully the ways of the Gentiles, and yet they had cast aside many of the ways of their own people. They were strangers in their father's house. In their own egotism they had felt that they were doing him a favor by gracing his table each Friday night. How could he have so soon forgotten his father's wisdom? Had their great need of the holy services lain heavily on the old man's heart?

Abe was remembering his father's pride at Bennie's birth. "A son is a wonderful thing," Isaac had said, "but a grandson is the hope of the House of David."

The old man's gentleness with Bennie had been a touching thing. He had bought him everything he had needed and much more. He had matched his steps with tiny ones along the walks and house-broke the puppy that Ruth did not want to bother with. Abe saw his

little son's questioning, grief-filled eyes upon his grandfather's face and knew that many, many years had passed since he or Dave had been as close to their Father as Bennie was now. He was sorry for Isaac and sorry for Bennie but sad about himself most of all. Perhaps it was because neither he nor Ruth wished to set the boy apart that they had neglected to teach him more of the ways of the synagogue. It occurred to him now that it was both the rituals and the prayers that make up the Jewish faith.

### *Today It Is November*

**The maple leaves have taken wing,  
Elm leaves are flying, too.**

**And overhead, where wild geese  
fly**

**Along the blue roads of the sky,  
Some clouds are traveling  
through.**

**Thin flickering sunlight comes and  
goes.**

**Chrysanthemums remember  
A brighter sun, they nod and glow  
Although the north wind whis-  
pers: "Snow!"**

**Today it is November.**

**ELEANOR HAMMOND**

Isaac saw that his sons were not eating and knew that Molly would be concerned, but he could not force himself to cheerfulness. He felt his daughter-in-law's glance, but his heart was too heavy to relieve the embarrassed silence.

After the noodle pudding was served, and each had made a half-hearted attempt to appreciate the quality of it with a compliment to Molly, Isaac pushed back his chair. Without saying the final prayer he rose with dignity and left the table. Abe was about to follow, but Molly restrained him. She leaned over and spoke softly to Bennie. The little boy pushed back his half-finished pudding and hesitantly entered the living room. There was quiet for a long time and then the childish, sympathetic voice came to the waiting ones at the table.

"Grandpa, I won't say the Lord's Prayer any more. It makes you awful sad, don't it?"

They waited for the answer. It was a long time coming but it was clear and sure, and it was for them as well as Bennie.

"Bennie," he said, "there are lots of prayers. Mine prayers I learned when I was so young as you. I'm only sad that the ones you know aren't the ones I learned long ago."

He pulled the firm little body against his knee and smiled into the wide dark eyes.

"But," he continued comfortingly, "all prayers must be good. Come, Bennie, I'll teach you in Jewish a prayer."

Bennie scrambled onto his lap and watched as Isaac closed his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the chair. Dave and Abe could hear the words.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

His voice droned on in the sonorous phrases. He slipped from one Psalm into another. . . .

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways."

Before long all was well and Bennie was asleep. Isaac could hear the conversation as the others still sat around the dining table visiting. The voices were normal again and he was glad.

Abe stood awkwardly near his father as he said good night. He wished desperately that he could promise to start taking Bennie to the synagogue, but instead he said, "Good night, Pa, take care of yourself."

Isaac's hand lingered on his son's arm a little as he helped him into his topcoat.

"Good night, Abie," he said.

Molly followed them to the door after the good-bys were said. She waited till she heard the last car door slam and then she came back into the living room. She shook up the pillows, picked up the scattered papers, and settled herself

*(Continued on page 41.)*

<sup>2</sup>The kaddish is an ancient Jewish prayer for the hallowing of God's name and the coming of his Kingdom. Originally it closed a sermon, but now closes a section of the service in the synagogue liturgy. Since medieval times it has become the mourner's declaration of faith.

# The Fourth "R"— Responsibility

A REPRESENTATIVE group of parents and teachers of a local church were making plans for an organization that would be mutually beneficial in home and church relationships. During the informal discussion, one remarked, "We simply must *do* something about this responsibility business!"

"You mean 'irresponsibility,' don't you?" came the query.

"Well," replied the first speaker, "we meet up with it too many times and it is one of our biggest stumbling blocks. Why just recall our predicament last Christmas when the Third Wise Man in our Intermediate Pageant failed to appear! We were in a dither whether to substitute a boy who had never rehearsed, or to have Tom and Roger sing, 'We TWO Kings of Orient Are.'"

"Which is just what we did," laughingly interrupted a teacher, "for we hoped desperately that Ronnie would arrive to take his part."

"We find ourselves in such situations too often," commented the Youth Director. "One mother told me rather proudly that her daughter must give up Youth Choir as her schedule was so full now that she was President of her Sub-Deb Club. Keeping up her social contacts was very important, she felt."

Significantly, religious leaders today are viewing with alarm the increasing disinterest of many parents concerning their own religious life, its nurture and its influence upon their children. Fathers and mothers assume little or no responsibility for training and example. When approached, they turn it off in a flippant manner as of no consequence. Earning a livelihood, maintaining their material needs, enjoying secular pleasures are of paramount importance to them. Planning wor-

ship experiences and periods within the family, studying Christian principles and assuming a fair share of the building and preserving of a vital, progressive church program are considered rarely and are flagrantly neglected.

THE GENERAL AMERICAN attitude toward religion is pictured graphically in the *Ladies Home Journal* of November, 1948, and reprinted in *Reader's Digest* January, 1949, under the title "God and the American People." According to the survey upon which the report is based, 90 per cent of those interviewed believe in God, 75 per cent of them pray or think about him frequently. But the response as to church attendance and worship elicited few motives other than selfish ones. These folk did not show themselves to be *faithful* children of God.

When asked, "Would you say that you honestly try to lead a good life?" 91 per cent answered, "Yes." But only 25 per cent felt that worship, church attendance, participation in the program of the church were the main sources of influence toward the living of this "good life."

Also, 25 per cent claimed that their parents' teachings and example were responsible for their desire to lead a good life. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr in summarizing the survey stated that apparently the average American believes himself to be good, therefore he need not worry about God at the present moment.

By Ruth Lentz



—Gustav Anderson

**Experience at home is the best teacher of responsibility whether Jane is to roast a turkey or organize a missionary group.**

PERHAPS MUCH FAULT lies with the church itself in that it does not demonstrate the "compelling power" of religion and that it is the duty of its adult members to think and to behave like mature Christians rather than like children and adolescents. Is the charge true that the church has brought religious faith and its obligations *down* to human desires rather than *up* to its most powerful challenge?

Irresponsibility is a by-product of the lack of self-discipline. How tragically this is depicted in our daily newspapers filled with accounts of broken marriages, disrupted families, misappropriation of funds and criminal offenses of every sort. Adults are indulging in practices and antics typical of irresponsible adolescents. Children live in the same household with undisciplined parents and grandparents who drink and smoke to excess, who fill free hours with silly radio shows, comics, spectator sports, gambling, and crime movies.

On the other hand, homes in which responsibilities are shared, where each member has his particular duties to perform, are shining examples of cooperation and

discipline. From the youngest members of the family who learn to put away toys when playtime is over, to big brother and sister who hang up their clothes and keep their rooms in order, this sense of being an important cog in the smooth-running wheels of the household is built into their life and character.

The mother who "runs and fetches" for her family is too busy and harassed to have time to think of anything else.

The parents whose lives incorporate some definite part of the program of the church and who assume those responsibilities with joy and satisfaction, find that attitude reflected in their children. But if father complains audibly and frequently that the church is always asking for money, or "I'd rather play golf today than serve my turn as deacon," he need not be surprised if junior much prefers the movies to choir rehearsal.

In an important degree, the church school teacher has an opportunity to impart an attitude of sincere interest in all that transpires there. Regular attendance, well-prepared class sessions, appropriate service projects carried through to completion, not only create enthusiasm, but unconsciously influence the pupils in the realization of the importance of their participation in the school program. The alert teacher notes tasks in which children may share, skillfully guides their accomplishment and commends each child upon completion of each assignment. One teacher writes a brief note to the parents of her pupils each quarter and mentions some responsibility carried through successfully and happily.

TIME AND AGAIN church leaders are confronted with the complete disinterest of youth due to some insincere or hypocritical action, word or attitude on the part of a prominent worker in the church. Young people are sensitive to that which is not real enthusiasm and consecration. We who are most vocal about our many duties and the heavy loads that we carry for our church need to evaluate our motives. Are they "escapes" or inflationary to our

ego, rather than true devotion to the cause of Christ? The president of the Missionary Society who was graciousness personified when conducting a meeting, but who spoke in acid tones and terms about her sister-officers at the dinner table that night, built a barrier to her church that a younger member of her family did not care to climb nor to penetrate.

One of the many goals of Christian education is the training of children, youth and adults in the participation in the total life and program of the church. How may this be achieved? First of all, the keen sense of cooperative endeavor between home and church is fundamental. It is trite but true that "the home needs the church and the church needs the home." No church attains its potential strength for the accomplishment of its goals and ideals unless all of its families are consecrated, humble and sincere units. We should strive toward the attainment on the family level of that which Dr. Elton Trueblood describes as "full-life Christian service."

Perhaps the modern church has erred in extending the grading system too far, and thus the "togetherness" of a family unit is disrupted. In planning certain features of a church program, entire family units might be delegated to assume certain details rather than individual members. In one congregation the Friday evening Church Night was carried by committees of family groups. They planned every detail from decorations, table setting, greeting of guests, assisting with wraps and

bundles to announcing the program, leading the songs, and conducting the worship period. The youngest to the oldest shared in this project of fellowship and inspiration.

Another congregation, as a part of its stewardship emphasis, listed service projects to be chosen by family groups as well as sharing in the financial program. These projects included:

Inviting a new family to attend services with us.

Saving ten dollars from our allowances for one month for an overseas CARE package.

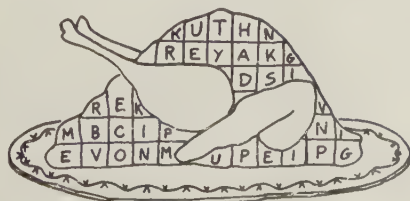
Cleaning all of the hymnbooks of old bulletins, erasing pencil marks.

Planting a flower garden to provide bouquets for shut-in members or for the worship centers of the church.

In a recent interview about their family life (*American Magazine*, March, 1949) Bob Hope and his wife, Dolores, told how their two older children scheduled certain home responsibilities as matter-of-factly as their play. "It's natural and normal to have everyone help in the family," was Mrs. Hope's comment. What a lift to the program of the church if all of its family units could say the same of its home-church, and to act upon it! It is not an accident when an outstanding social service worker asserts, "The young person who is responsible at home and in his community group, whether it be school or church, is never to be found among our delinquents or problem cases."

## A Turkey Puzzle

Now it is November,  
Now comes Thanksgiving Day  
With pumpkin pie and mince pie  
And turkey, too! Hurray!



You can find seven of the words in the rhyme on the turkey. Spell them out there by starting in a square, moving from that square to any other square that *touches* it. You may move up, down or cornerwise, but you must not jump over any squares in spelling the words.

By Eleanor Hammond

# Hearthstone Salutes . . .

## The Browns

By Susan C. Chiles

MRS. NUGENT, who had run in to return some coffee she had borrowed, sniffed audibly as the Brown car drove by. Ostensibly they were on their way to the Union Thanksgiving services.

"I never knew a family so care-free and so able to go whenever the church bells ring! Now, as for me, I just can't see my way clear to leave my house work undone and go galavanting around every time there is something doing. Why, they drive in twelve miles to almost every school entertainment, and are always lugging some other youngsters along. I would think that with their five they would be so busy keeping them properly fed and clothed that they wouldn't have time for so much outside."

"They do seem happy and well set up," I replied, "and I hear the children are outstanding in school and church work. Mr. Brown is a deacon in the church that I attend. I am invited out there next week to spend several days. I expect they will reveal the secret of their success."

"Success nothing! I venture that you won't have a bite fit to eat and that the house is a mess. I hate these show-off people. Now as for me, I believe in Thanksgiving. My husband and children can't ever say that I didn't do a good part by them."

"I don't know of a family getting more good out of life than the Brown family," I replied. "I cannot imagine them living in a poorly kept house or having poorly cooked food. Mr. and Mrs. Brown

enjoy their family, too. Moreover they have time for their children's friends. I think it pays parents to keep up with their children's social life."

Mrs. Nugent left with a sniff and a bang of the back door.

AS I GOT READY to go to the Browns' I fully decided to seek out their weaknesses.

Mrs. Brown had told me that the boys would be by for me at exactly four-fifteen. I smiled for who ever heard of boys being exactly on time after school? However I was ready. I locked my door and took my bag out on the porch. At four-ten the rather ancient but roomy car of the Browns' stopped in front of our house.

"Well, you are ready and waiting," the oldest Brown boy grinned down at me, "most times when Mother has lady guests we have to get their bags or lock up or something."

"You seem to be right on schedule."

"You see," the second boy spoke soberly, "Dad puts it this way: our family is a unit. There are seven of us, and we live not in the suburbs, but really out in the country. A good many of the country kids don't get to come in to the extra things at school, and most large families can't find time to go out together, but Dad says if we work together we can do almost anything we want to do." He hesitated, "Sometimes one of us falls down on his job or is late and it balls things up something awful!"

Mrs. Brown and the two younger children were supposed to be wait-

ing for us in front of the C and S Grocery and they were. We picked Mr. Brown up at the bank and little sister at her music teacher's house.

When we arrived at the Brown home, Mrs. Brown said, "Our home is not modern in any way. The only really modern thing we have is the telephone. We manage, and I hope it will not be too inconvenient for you."

Keeping my eyes opened for details, I noticed when we went inside, each member of the family took his wraps and whatever he had in the way of books or other paraphernalia and put it away at once. There was not one book or wrap put down out of place.

IN NO TIME at all, Mr. Brown and the boys had donned coveralls.

"We are a sort of double-barrelled shotgun concern," Mr. Brown remarked pleasantly. "I have my job in town and the boys and I run a small farm out here. With a family of our size it pays to have a garden and a cow. All our expenses, except gas, are lower out here."

The Saturday I was at the Browns', Mrs. Brown entertained her luncheon club. I will admit I never did understand how the food was assembled. Only Mr. Brown went into town that morning. There was no hurry, no confusion. Each member of the household seemed to know exactly what he was to do. The luncheon over, Mrs. Brown carefully closed the door between the living and the dining rooms. When the guests were done, I was determined to do my part.

"Now—I am going to help do the dishes," I said.

My hostess smiled and said: "Let's take a quick survey and see what is to be done."

We opened the door to find that everything was in order.

"But where," I asked in amazement, "are the dishes?"

The two older boys had "cleaned up" so silently and so quickly I hadn't guessed it.

Each morning of my visit a few moments after I was called, I heard the piano. It was little sister practicing. At the end of her allotted time, the youngest boy began his practice. When he was through, the oldest boy did his.

"Usually," I remarked to my hostess, "children have to be urged to do their practicing."

"It has been a problem to give each of the children all of the advantages," the mother said, "and they feel that taking music is a privilege. Their father has told them that so long as they keep up their end of the job he will keep us his. Theirs is to practice and his to pay for the lessons."

Each child made his own bed. Little sister picked up any paper or magazine out of place, and straightened up the living room. The outside chores done, the lunch boxes packed, father and the school children got dressed and off—all looking contented and prosperous.

The two little ones were allowed to take anything they chose from the big box of toys in the living room. I noticed when they were through with any one thing they returned it to the box. Twice I heard the mother say to the youngest one, "You forgot to put the things back in the box." That seemed to be all that was necessary.

**THE MOTHER** did a bit of laundry each day that I was there—socks, stockings, handkerchiefs, and undies. Before lunch every day, the evening meal was planned and all the preparations that could be made in advance were made. Lunch was always very simple, a glass of milk and a sandwich or a bowl of soup. Regularly after lunch, the mother and children rested one hour and a half—of course I did too. If guests came,



—Monkmeyer.

—Conried.

**The smallest Brown does her part in setting the family dinner table.**

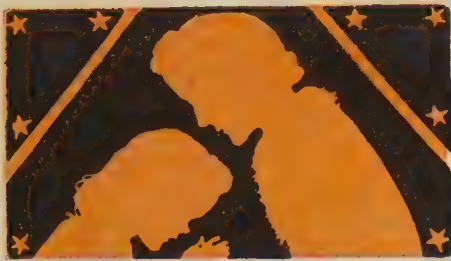
the mother and I abandoned our naps—but not the children.

After our naps, we all dressed—the children in fresh clothes. Mother was the gracious hostess when the children came from school—often bringing guests. Everyone joined in the good time. Often there was something to eat; apples, cookies or hot chocolate. One thing amazed me. In spite of the careful keeping of a schedule, how elastic the organization was, never interfering with good times. If young guests remained

during chore hours, or study time, they were invited to "join in" or given a magazine or book and asked to amuse themselves.

Dinner seemed to appear as if by magic on the table, a good, substantial meal, well balanced and thoughtfully prepared. The first night I was there I was surprised to hear Mr. Brown say to me, "I am dish washer at night." The entire family "cleaned dishes." It never took in excess of half an hour for them to get back into the living

*(Continued on page 42.)*



## WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

# with Young Children

There are many possible themes for worship for November. If snow has fallen in your section of the country, your child will have some background for and enjoy the following verses:

He giveth snow like wool;  
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.  
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:  
Who can stand before his cold?

—Psalm 147:16, 17.

Isaiah 55:10 will also be appropriate in this connection: The rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

There are seasonal changes other than snow of which little children are aware, such as dead flowers, brown grass, and bare trees. The poem, "Birch Trees," could be read at such a time. It would broaden the child's understanding if you explained God's plan for trees to rest during the winter so they would have new leaves the next spring. A prayer of gratitude for God's plan would give this poem a religious implication.

Children in school will probably hear talk of Armistice Day. There may be discussions about peace. Psalm 34:14 may be read at such a time.

Depart from evil, and do good;  
Seek peace, and pursue it.

There will be much thought and talk of the Thanksgiving festival. The ancient Jewish custom of sharing the harvest would be good reading at this time.

And when ye reap the harvest of your land,  
thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field,  
neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.

—Leviticus 19:9.

Some of the poems on these pages will enrich this Scriptural idea of sharing.

Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord;  
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.  
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;  
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

—Psalm 95:1, 2.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,  
And into his courts with praise:  
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.  
For the Lord is good; his lovingkindness endureth forever

And his faithfulness unto all generations.

—Psalm 100:4, 5.

The above verses may be used as table graces, they may be quoted in connection with evidences of God's plan for Nature, for food and other provisions for comfort, or they may be used as expressions of joyous love and gratitude to God at any time. They are good verses for the whole family to memorize.

### *A Litany of Thanksgiving*

There are many kinds of food  
Which ripen in the Fall;  
Fruits and vegetables and grain—  
We give our thanks for all.

*Thank You, thank You, God.*

God planted life within each seed;  
Just how, we do not know.  
And then He planned for sun and rain  
To help each seed to grow.

*Thank You, thank You, God.*

The gardeners and farmers worked  
To raise their crops with care  
So there would be good food to eat  
For people everywhere.

*Thank You, thank You, God.*

We all are glad we have this food;  
It keeps us well and strong  
And gives us strength to work and play  
Together all day long.

*Thank You, thank You, God.*

MABEL NIEDERMEYER MCCAWE

(Books rights reserved.)

### *Now the Year Is Turning*

Now it's happy autumn time,  
Now the year is turning;  
Overhead the leaves are red,  
Fires of home are burning.

God, who made the whole good year,  
All the lovely days,  
Now that autumn time is here,  
Hear our song of praise!

Now it's happy autumn time,  
Now, to barn and bin,  
Food and grain from field and plain  
Rich we garner in.<sup>1</sup>

NANCY BYRD TURNER

<sup>1</sup>From *Primary Music and Worship*, copyright, 1930, by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

## Thanks

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm  
To win my bread,  
And that, beyond my need, is meat  
For friend unfed:  
I thank thee much for bread to live,  
I thank thee more for bread to give.

I thank thee, Lord, for sung-thatched roof  
In cold and storm,  
And that, beyond my need, is room  
For friend forlorn;  
I thank thee much for place to rest,  
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love  
On me bestowed,  
Enough to share with loveless folk  
To ease their load;  
Thy love to me I ill could spare.  
Yet dearer is thy love I share.

ROBERT DAVIS

## Prayer of Thanks

Good and kind Father, we thank you for all the things which make us glad this beautiful Thanksgiving Day. We cannot name everything, but we think about so many things every minute through the day. Even when we play we are thinking about good things. We thank you for the Pilgrims who had the first Thanksgiving Day. May we learn to be brave and endure hard things like they did. Help us to share the good things we have with people who do not have such things. May we make this a real Thanksgiving Day by giving, we pray. Amen.

BEULAH THOMAS

## Thanksgiving

O kindly earth, we thank you  
For bounties of our board,  
For all the fruitful acres,  
And bins that they have stored,  
For every dooryard blossom,  
For every human mirth;  
And God of all, we thank Thee  
That Thou hast made the earth.

O kindly year, we thank you  
For blessings of today,  
For the good you have brought us,  
The woe you kept away,  
For times you gave us courage  
And maybe wiped our tears;  
And God of all, we thank Thee  
That Thou hast made the years.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

## Two Prayers

When all the sky is dusky blue,  
And friendly stars grow bright  
Against the window by my bed,  
God, let me love the night.

When sunshine sweetens all the  
world,  
And makes it young and gay,  
Give me the gift of gladness, God,  
And let me love the day.<sup>1</sup>

ELIZABETH THORNTON  
TURNER

<sup>1</sup>From *The Mayflower*. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

## The Shared Loaf

Eat a loaf in solitude,  
And you will be fed,  
But share your loaf if you would know  
The flavor of good bread.

Something elemental,  
Simple, clean and plain,  
Something of the power  
Of sun and wind and rain,  
Enters in the making  
Of a loaf from grain.

The melting snow of winter,  
The glow of summer heat,  
The warmth of sudden showers  
Upon the early wheat  
Must come before a woman  
May shape a loaf to eat.

In it, O my brother,  
There is much to share:  
The strength, the health, the healing  
Of the open air;  
The food for body, spirit,  
You will find it there.

Eat a loaf in solitude,  
It will meet a need,  
But share your loaf and you will know  
Something great indeed.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

## Birch Trees

The night is white,  
The moon is high,  
The birch trees lean  
Against the sky.

The cruel winds  
Have blown away  
Each little leaf  
Of silver gray.

O lonely trees  
As white as wool . . .  
That moonlight makes  
So beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

<sup>1</sup>From *The Sea and April*. Used by permission of the author.

# The

## Angelus

Adapted by

Jessie B. Carlson

IN THE BEAUTIFUL land of France there lived a peasant named Pierre, and his wife Marie. Every morning when the village church bell rang they always stopped their work, bowed their heads in prayer and thanked God for having cared for them during the night and for giving them a new day. Again, when the church bell sounded at sunset, they would bow their heads once more and thank God for their work and the strength to do it.

Pierre and Marie owned a field a short distance from the village. "What shall we plant in our field, Pierre?" said Marie. "With God's help we can raise enough food to last us many months."

"Yes," answered Pierre, "with God's help. He gives the earth, sends the rain and the sunshine. But we must do our part in digging and planting and weeding."

THEN THEY FELL to planning what would be best to plant in the field. Should they plant white pumpkin seeds, which would grow, in some mysterious way, into long, green vines with beautiful leaves and big pumpkins? They had seen many pea-pods, filled with round green peas, grow from a few peas planted in the earth. They had watched tall stalks of corn grow from a single grain which had been dropped into the silent brown earth. They knew that from tiny seeds came full ripe tomatoes, and from a handful of grain sown in the soft plowed fields there came thousands of heads of wheat or barley or rye.

"A miracle! A miracle!" ex-



—Millet

claimed Marie. "O Pierre, what a miracle! All summer we can watch one of God's miracles taking place."

At last they decided to plant potatoes, because potatoes would furnish the largest amount of good food. So Pierre went to the market and got a few potatoes—not more than a dozen or two.

As he took them from his pocket he said to Marie, "Here is our next winter's supply of food."

Marie picked up one of the potatoes and exclaimed, "How wonderful it is that each one of these little 'eyes' has in it the possibility of becoming a plant and bearing many big and little potatoes."

Again there came the new expression of awe and reverent wonder into Marie's eyes. "Pierre," she said softly, "here are only a few potatoes, and yet they are a message from God telling us of his wonderful power and care. Isn't it a wonderful thought? I never realized it before."

The following day Pierre plowed their field, turning the soft rich earth over so that it might get the air and the sunshine. After a few days he and Marie planted the potato seeds or "eyes" as they called them.

ONE BRIGHT SPRING evening some weeks later, Pierre said to Marie, "I came by our field today and I want you to go with me tomorrow morning to see it."

The next morning just before they came to the field, Pierre said to Marie, "Now shut your eyes. I have a surprise for you." Pierre led Marie carefully along the road until they came to the field. When he told her she might open her eyes, Marie stood and gazed in amazement for all over the field, which the day before had been only silent brown earth, could be seen tiny green speck shining in the sunlight.

Pierre opened the gate and went inside and began inspecting the tiny green plantlings which had so suddenly appeared above the ground. Soon Marie was by his side bending close to the earth. "Just think," she said, "neither you nor I could make one single potato if our lives depended on it."

"That's so," assented Pierre.

All the warm June days they worked, sometimes in their field, sometimes Pierre in his shop and Marie in their home. Oftentimes when the bright sun shone in the windows she would think, "Now

the sun is helping the little plants all over the world to grow." Then she would sing:

"We plant the fields and scatter  
The good seed o'er the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's Almighty hand."

THE WARM SUMMER days passed swiftly and happily. Some mornings Pierre and Marie would rise at dawn and go to their field to weed it, or again to loosen the earth in their fast growing potato hills.

At last one day Pierre said, "We will go to our field today and gather our crop of potatoes."

All afternoon they worked, digging up round potatoes with pale brown skins, and dropping them into the bags they had brought, until they had filled two large bags and had dug almost enough for a third bag. Suddenly they heard the village church bell chime. Instantly they dropped fork and spade. Marie clasped her hands and bowed her whole body in prayer. Pierre doffed his hat, bowed his head and prayed in the same silent way.

IT SO HAPPENED that a famous painter was passing and he saw their figures outlined against the sky with the church spire in the distance. He saw the bags of potatoes on the ground. The pile of ungathered potatoes told him of their hard work. Their faces and bowed heads told him more plainly of their love for God and their reverence. Softly he moved away lest he disturb them, but as he went he knew he must paint the picture he had just seen in the field.

So the painter went to work in his studio. It took him a long time to paint the picture of Pierre and Marie just as he saw them in their potato-field, but his picture tells all who see it that *love* and *work* and *worship* are the greatest of all God's great gifts.

Based on the "A Thanksgiving Story," by Elizabeth Harrison.

# A Bridle for Baldy

By Eleanor Hammond

IN THE YEAR 1850 there were few roads in Oregon territory and what roads there were had mud holes feet deep in the rainy season. Tim Harney was glad that old Baldy was so sure-footed and willing. Even with only a horse-hair rope hackamore to guide him, Baldy managed to get along the road, which was little better than a pair of wheel tracks along the uneven floor of the forest.

Tim, riding bareback, slapped his heels against the spotted horse's sides and clicked for Baldy to go faster. If he did not reach the Olds' cabin before Mr. Olds started for the settlement, Tim guessed Mr. Olds would not wait long for him. It was a long journey to Oregon City, five, maybe six days by wagon. And as Mr. Olds was doing Tim a big favor, Tim did not want to make him wait.

Tim glanced at the round weights in the buckskin saddle-bags slung across in front of him on Baldy's back. There was no saddle, but the buckskin bags rode well enough as Baldy picked his way carefully along. Tim felt one of the bags. The round cheese inside was firm and mellow. Two fine cheeses like that ought to be worth a bridle for Baldy.

For months Tim had longed to have a real bridle for the horse, one with ornaments at each side, maybe small bulging discs of glass with a horse's picture in them. Tim had seen a bridle like that once. He hoped Mr. Olds would be able to sell or trade the cheeses for one. They were wonderful cheeses—and not every settler knew how to make mellow golden cheeses—as Tim's mother did.

Tim had earned those cheeses driving the cows to and from pasture all year. His mother had promised that if he took good care of the cows he should have two of the big cheeses when they were ready.

"I guess Baldy earned the cheeses, too," Tim told himself. "He helped me fetch in the cows every day. I guess Baldy will be mighty proud to have a real bridle, too."

Tim clicked his tongue again, urging the spotted horse to make time. The road between his home and the Olds' log cabin was worse from the spring rains than Tim had expected. Baldy refused to go faster than a walk. Tim felt a little worried. Although he had started from home at dawn, the sun was well up now, slanting among the tall firs with long golden rays. Mr. Olds would want to be starting. Tim wished he had taken over the cheeses the night before.

Suddenly round a bend in the narrow road Tim saw a canvas-covered wagon. Could that be Mr. Olds and his team? But the wagon was going the wrong way, south instead of north.

As he came closer Tim saw it was not the Olds' team. The man by the horses' heads was not his neighbor. He was a stranger.

Then Tim saw something else. The wagon was not moving. It was mired down in one of the deep mud holes. The man was shouting at the horses, urging them to greater efforts.

On the front seat of the wagon a young woman in a sunbonnet looked close to tears.

"Oh, Jim! They can't do it. What are we going to do?" Tim overheard her saying to the man as he rode up.

Just then the man saw Tim and his face cleared.

"Maybe this young fellow can give us some help," the man said. "With three horses we ought to be able to pull out."

Tim's heart sank. If he stopped to help the people, he would certainly miss Mr. Olds. Even a few minutes delay might make him too late to get the cheeses into Mr. Olds' wagon before he started for the settlement.

Yet how could he refuse to help

them? It was one of the rules of pioneer life that one helped neighbors, even strangers, if they needed help. One never knew when one might need help oneself. Besides it would be unkind and unneighborly not to help the couple. Still—Tim sighed.

"I guess maybe if I hitch Baldy on ahead of your horses they can pull the wagon out," he said, however. He tried to sound more willing than he felt. "I haven't a rope or any harness, though."

The stranger rummaged in the back of the wagon and brought out some pieces of harness. "Lucky thing I have," he told Tim. "I'll have to get these pieces hitched together—but it won't take long."

It did take far longer than Tim hoped, though. It seemed as if the man would never have the pieces of leather fastened together. Tim got down and tried to help, but there was not much he could do. The precious minutes slipped by and the sun rose higher and higher over the forest.

Tim thought of suggesting that he go on and finish his errand and then come back. But that sounded pretty unneighborly. The man seemed tired and worried already.

The young woman talked to Tim as he waited, told him how they were in search of homestead land farther south, how they had made the long trek across the plains the summer before, but reached Oregon Territory too late in the fall to find good land and had had to stay with friends at the settlement all winter.

Just then the man got the harness pieced and Tim backed Baldy in front of the team. He took the saddle bags from Baldy's back and laid them carefully at the side of the muddy road.

"You handle those bags as if they had gold dust in them," the stranger smiled.

Tim managed to smile back. "Not dust—cheese," he explained. "Mighty good cheese, too. My mother makes the best cheese of anyone around here."

Then Tim and the stranger were busy hitching Baldy and urging the horses to pull. With willing old Baldy pulling, too, the tired team seemed to show more spirit. With a tremendous pull the wagon

rocked out of the mire on to firmer ground.

"I'm mighty grateful, son," the man told Tim.

Tim rode on as fast as he could to the Olds' homestead. Even before he reached the log house he knew he was too late. The wagon was gone from the clearing.

Lottie Olds came out of the door to explain. "We were sure you weren't coming, Tim—and father had to get an early start, it's so far. We thought you'd changed your mind about sending your cheeses to the settlement."

Tim rode homeward slowly with the round weights still heavy in the buckskin saddlebags. It might be six months before anybody in the neighborhood undertook the long journey to the settlement again. Maybe if he stored the cheese in the cave in the hill back of the house they would keep—but his mother had declared them just sufficiently ripened already. They might mold badly and spoil.

---

**"The domestic hearth—  
there only is real happiness."**

—ANATOLE FRANCE

---

It was close to noon when he rode along the familiar stretch of road near his home. There ahead he glimpsed the same covered wagon Baldy had helped pull out of the mud a couple of hours earlier.

The young couple recognized Tim and called friendly greetings to him as he came up. Tim waved. He was about to turn off the main road toward home when he had an idea. He rode back to the side of the wagon.

"Why don't you folks come have noonday dinner with us?" he asked the couple. "Mother is always glad to have company—we don't have company often. I know she'll be right pleased to see you both. She was baking this morning so there will be plenty of fresh bread for dinner."

"A hot meal does sound tempting, son—if you're sure your folks would like to have us," the man said. His wife nodded.

Tim led the way and his mother made the couple welcome, as Tim had known she would. Company

was always a treat in the lonely neighborhood.

"If I'd known you were coming I'd have had a better meal for you," Mrs. Harney told the guests. "But there's Indian pudding and plenty of bread and cheese—and you're kindly welcome."

The travelers ate as if they enjoyed the food. The man smacked his lips over the newly cut cheese and declared he had never eaten as good. As they were leaving he asked if Mrs. Harney would be willing to sell him some of her fine cheese.

"It would be a wonderful tasty thing to have along while we're on the road," the settler said. "If you could spare some—"

Tim's mother glanced at him. "My boy has two cheeses he meant to send to the settlement by a neighbor—" she said.

"I guess I could give you one," Tim said.

But the man shook his head. "You've done a lot for us already. If we take your cheeses—and I'd be glad to take them both—I mean to pay for them."

Tim swallowed. Money, even gold pieces, did not mean much—with no chance for months, maybe, to spend it. Then he remembered the odds and ends of harness in the wagon. Maybe with those pieces of harness he could piece together a bridle for Baldy.

He began to say so, but the man stopped him. "Why if you'd rather have a bridle for your horse," he said, "I have a good one—and an old saddle, too. I'll give you the saddle and the bridle for the two cheeses. The bridle is one I had when I was a boy, and I couldn't bear leaving it behind when we started, though I have another. It has a silver horse's head on each side and I always thought it was about the finest looking bridle in the country—though now I'd a sight rather have a good cheese," he laughed.

For a minute Tim could hardly speak for joy.

He was mighty lucky, he felt. Mr. Olds might never have found such a bridle as that at the settlement. There probably was not another as fine in all Oregon Territory, Tim thought.

*From Junior World.*

# Those OBJECTIONABLE Comic Books

By Mary Louise McKinney

THE COMPLACENCY WITH which Christian parents have permitted objectionable comic books to come into their homes is, to say the least, alarming. We will agree that good homes are essential to building national morale and unity. Why, then, do Christian parents let their children read objectionable comic books? Dr. Fredric Wertham, Director of the Psychiatric Service of Queens General Hospital, and well known because of his attacks on the violent comic books, says concerning parents and their children's reading matter, "Formerly, parents knew what their children were reading. Nowadays—according to my investigations—millions of children are reading comic books and their parents have no idea what is in them. My personal belief is that comic books are unhealthy for children and parents just don't seem to care."

Recently an editorial appeared in a newspaper which stated, "Comic books, most of them at least, are beneficial to children." Christian parents realize that comic books which contain wild tales of thuggery, sexiness, descriptions of all kinds of felonies, mayhem, torture, robberies, flagellation, burglaries, and murder are not beneficial to children.

There are several reasons why the comic books are bad for children. In the first place, children are imitators. Dr. Wertham states in his article, "What Are Comic Books?" which appeared in the March issue of *The National Parent Teacher Magazine*, "Imitation being a prime factor in children, they tend to imitate what they see in comic books. The brutality depicted there is unbelievable. A hypodermic needle is stabbed into a girl's eyes. A policeman is blinded. A girl's blood is drawn off from the veins of her thigh. Girls are hung up by their feet. A child is tied in a sack. A half-clad girl is tied to a tree and her body punctured with arrows. Another girl is deliberately run over on the

sidewalk. Policemen are shot in the back."<sup>1</sup> Are these things considered beneficial, to children? Hardly!

SECONDLY, COMIC BOOKS are hard on children's eyes. The pictures and the print are too small. Children admit this too.

In the third place, the comic books tend to influence a child's use of language because of the bad grammar and spelling found in them. Let us illustrate with a few examples found in recent comic book publications: "Won't yuh never git through sayin' the same durn blasted thing?" "Don't leave a livin' coyote tuh spill his insides tuh anybody." "I'll slit your throat." "You're runnin' an' employment agency fer crooks." "I had an idea you thugs would pull a job." "Get moving, rats." "Kill the skunk."

Finally, the pictures in the comic books are horrible. Examine them for yourselves. You will find blood puddles, half-nude girls, scenes of murder, drownings, men with ugly faces, and other terrifying pictures. Gerson Legman in his article "The Comic Books and the Public" states, "If there is only one violent picture per page—and there are usually more—every city child who was six years old in 1938 has by now absorbed an absolute minimum of eighteen pictorial beatings, shootings, stranglings, blood-puddles, and torturing-to-death, from comic books alone. The effect . . . has been to raise up an entire generation of adolescents who have felt, thousands upon thousands of times, all the sensations and emotions of committing murder, except pulling the trigger. And toy guns—advertised in the back pages of the comics—have supplied that."

The most effective antidote for undesirable and objectionable literature for children and young people is an abundant supply of the better kind. There ought to be in every Christian home a library of books and periodicals high in qual-



ity and of sufficient variety to interest all members of the family. Our job as Christian parents is to get our children interested in good literature. It is therefore important that we have some good children's books and magazines in our homes. Parents who desire help in selecting children's literature can always get in touch with the children's librarian in the public, school, or church library and find out what they recommend.<sup>2</sup>

Perhaps at first the good books will not interest the children as much as you had hoped. It reminds us of the old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink." So, too, we can put good books and magazines on our reading tables, but we do not want to *make* our children read them. We want to create in them a *desire* to read them. It is the parents responsibility, therefore, to introduce their children to good literature in such a way that it will appeal to them. How can this best be done? Have your children ever said, "Tell me a story, please, Dad," or "Read to me now, Mother"? There lies the answer. Take time to read to your children even though you are busy. All parents desire that their children think of them as good companions. By reading to the youngsters in the home, a fine sense of companionship will grow. By reading good books to our children we will create in them a love and appreciation

<sup>2</sup>Write your church publishing house for suggestions.

<sup>1</sup>Used by permission.

for the worth-while books and publications.

Parents can also discourage their children from reading the comic books by encouraging them to attend the book fairs which are held in various cities in the United States. The *New York Times* sponsored its annual Children's Book Fair last spring. Did the children show an interest in good books? Yes, indeed. They came in such large numbers that one could hardly get to the booths which contained five thousand lovely books. These books were for every age and for both boys and girls. If your town does not have its annual Children's Book Fair, why not get some organization to sponsor one this fall? The results will be well worth all of the effort which interested people will spend in this connection.

**A**NOTHER WAY TO HELP your child to stop reading the comic books that you disapprove of, is to supply him with comic books of which you do approve. When Henry H. Stansbury of New York discovered that his two young sons had in their room comic books which contained tales of crime, blood and thunder, and sex stories, he decided to do something about it. Mr. Stansbury consulted several artists and now new comic books are appearing on the market. The first one was Anderson's *The Nightingale*. Others are Peirce's *Red Riding Hood*, Elmen Etting's *The Most Extraordinary Thing*, and William Palmer's *The Snow Man*. These publications are put out by the Once-Upon-a-Time Press, Inc.

Although Mr. Stansbury approves of many comic books which are on the market, there are many of which he thinks ought to be driven off of the market by stiff competition. He does not expect swarms of children to rush to buy these new comic books immediately, but he does hope that parents will buy these books and that in time children who have grown up with these new publications will desire others like them.

Although there is not anything particularly comic about *The Nightingale*, which is the story of a little bird that sings sweetly for the Emperor of China until it is displaced by a mechanical song-bird, neither is there anything comic about the comic books, Mr. Stansbury states.

Also appearing on the market are other desirable comic books known as the Comet Books which sell for twenty-five cents. These publications contain stories which have always been popular with the eight-to-twelve-year-olds, and they are profusely illustrated in two colors. If your home town does not have these Comet Books, write to *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East Twelfth Street, New York 3, New York, for a list of titles. Parents will find it easy to interest their children in these interesting comic books.

**P**ARENTS CAN ALSO encourage their children to belong to Children's Book Clubs. Here, again, is an interesting project to begin in your city or town. Once a week at a designated place and time, children meet for their own Book Club meeting. Prayer is offered. Then the children sing the opening verse of their club song, entitled "Story Hour," which has the tune of "Jingle Bells" and goes like this:

Story hour, story hour,  
Each and every one  
Has come to hear the stories told  
For listening is fun.  
We will be courteous,  
Quiet as can be  
Because we do not want to miss  
A single word, you see.

Roll is then called by having the children tell the title of one book which they have read since the previous meeting. Five children (or less), who have been selected at an earlier date, briefly review books which they have read. This encourages and arouses the interest of other members so that they will want to read the same books. Then one or two children tell a story. The highlight of the meeting is, of course, when the adult storyteller tells a story. The adult sponsor together with mem-

bers of the club help select different storytellers for each meeting. The meeting then closes with the remainder of the club song entitled "Bring a Friend," and has the tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and goes like this:

"Now we've had our story-hour  
Story-hour, Story-hour  
Now we've had our story-hour  
It's time to say good-bye.  
Come again and bring a friend,  
Bring a friend, Bring a friend  
See how many we can bring  
Everybody try!"

Fathers and mothers can also help their children with this problem of the good and bad comic books by going to the nearest newsstand and buying a "gangster comic" book, the latest "jungle comic" book, the latest "western" (47 of the 99 crime comic books published in the first nine months of 1948 were camouflaged as "western"), the latest "crime comic" book and the latest "sexy comic" book. Take them home and read them. It will give you an idea what your children are reading. Also read those comic books which your children are hoarding. Know what is in them. Then try to influence your children away from them.

**S**TILL another suggestion to help combat the undesirable comic books is to write to the publishers and tell them exactly why you are opposed to their publication. Addresses of the publishers are found on the front inside cover of the comic books.

Then, too, Christian parents ought to cooperate with the National Parent Teacher Association which urges American citizens to review their state and local ordinances in regard to the sale of objectionable literature and to seek community action to remove unwholesome comic books from the newsstands. Local schools should provide information as to what parents can do to support this movement. As Dr. Wertham states, "What our country needs is a Teddy Roosevelt with courage to campaign for a pure food and drug law for comic books."

By  
Virginia-Murrill  
Jeffries



*Don't Wait for Me Up Me*

**Honeymoon days—must they end?**

**Marcella didn't think so until . .**

MARCELLA KISSED HER HUSBAND good-bye at the front door and stood there just a moment watching him as he rushed down the side steps and jumped into the car. As he backed it out of the drive and turned to go up the street he honked the horn at her and she felt almost giddy with happiness. Marriage was perfectly wonderful, like a perpetual date. She had seen and heard so many things warning people to be careful about expecting too much of marriage and insisting that there would be disillusionments that she had kept her fingers crossed for nearly three whole months, wondering when those awful problems were supposed to come up. Three whole months and they were still as happy as they could be. No arguments, no disagreements, just a chance to be together practically all of the time. And, she asked herself, what could be more wonderful than that for two people who are in love?

She picked up a pink handbill from the front porch advertising a grocery store and took it into her brand-

new house and dropped it into the wastebasket by the desk in the living room. Then she stood quietly in the center of the room and felt lonesome because Hugh would be gone all day. She wished that they had a business together so that they need not be separated at all. She glanced around her. Her house seemed to stay clean. She would go over it all again and wash the dishes and in no time at all she would be through and would have nothing to do but wait for the magic hour when he would be coming home again. Even the thought of his return gave her a wonderful happy feeling. Then tonight they would go out to a movie or maybe just stay at home and talk. There was no end to the pleasure they found in being together.

THE TELEPHONE WAS RINGING and she picked it up eagerly. Hugh could hardly have had time to get to work by now but then you could never tell. He might have stopped along the way to call.

He often did little foolish things like that. Sometimes he would call and say, "Hi, Cella, I haven't got a minute. Just wanted to know if you are all right and to tell you that I love you."

"Hello?" she said into the phone, a little breathless.

"Marcella? This is Jane. How are you getting along?" Marcella felt her spirits slump and she said a weak little "Oh" into the phone and settled down into a chair. Jane had been her best girl friend for years but right now she dreaded to keep the line busy. Hugh might try to call.

"Oh, I'm fine but in work up to my neck. I called to see if you would help me out. Next Tuesday night I have a meeting of my junior girls' Sunday school class. Turns out I have to do some extra work at the office all next week. Special load of work to go out with a deadline and Mr. Jenkins just asked me. I haven't the heart to turn him down. I also haven't the heart to call off the meeting. Those kids are sweet and interested. Could you meet with them for me, Cella?"

**MARCELLA HESITATED.** For years she and Jane had helped each other out of tight spots. She hated to refuse now but, after all, things are a little different when you are married.

"I'm terribly sorry, Jane. But remember Hugh? I married him, you know, and things are a little different with me. I hate to let you down but I will try to think of someone else for you to ask. Naturally, I couldn't go and leave Hugh sitting here by himself."

There was a long pause and then Jane exploded. "For goodness sakes, Cella, what are you talking about? You just got married, you know. You aren't Siamese twins or anything."

Marcella was furious. "Naturally, I wouldn't expect you to understand, Jane. But it is different with married people. Their time is not their own anymore. There are two people to consider and I wouldn't leave Hugh sitting here all alone after working so hard all day. I'm sorry and I do hope you will understand."

Jane's voice was a little strained. They had had their ups and downs before. They had told each other off ever since the grades. Maybe that was why they were such good friends. Everything came out in the open.

"I'm afraid I do understand, Cella, and I would like to make a suggestion to help you out of a very distressing problem. Why don't you hire a sitter to come in and keep him company?"

Marcella just said, "Oh," and slammed down the phone.

Jane could always make her perfectly furious. But, of course, Jane couldn't understand. Jane was not even in love with anybody, much less married. How could she understand the strong ties that can bind two people together until they are practically Siamese twins? She would have to think of someone for Jane to ask.

Her day was spoiled just a little because she hated to leave Jane in a spot and then Hugh didn't call.

**"The Bible is as old as Truth; as new as the latest newspaper."**

—ANONYMOUS.

She listened for the phone all day, thought of him nearly every minute, and watched the clock for the hour when he would return.

**SHE HAD DINNER** just ready to put on the table when she heard the car come up into the drive and the door slam. She hurried to the door for his arrival and when he had her in his arms she felt whole again.

"Have a nice day, honey?" he asked, and all thoughts that had worried her left suddenly.

"Yes, but I missed you. I wish that you could stay at home all the time. I hate for you to be away even during the day."

He drew away and laughed and tossed his hat into a chair. "Well, now that I am a married man with grave responsibilities, I do have to make a living, you know. Where is the paper, my sweet, or is dinner ready?" It was while he was drying the dishes that he said it. Marcella was completely unprepared.

"I thought if you didn't mind being alone I'd go to Park Field tonight, with Joe Campbell to see a double-header. I know you don't like baseball and that you'd be bored stiff so I thought you might like to go to a movie or maybe just have a little time to read when you wouldn't have to be bothered with me. I'm to pick him up at six-thirty."

Marcella paused with a cup in one hand and the dishcloth in the other. She was conscious of the white soapsuds on her wrists and her wedding band slipping up and down on her wet, soapy finger. Hugh's voice seemed to be far away and she didn't want to admit to herself that he had really said that he was going out without her or that he would rather go to a ball game than to be with her. She felt small and weak and something seemed to be closing in all about her. Her lips were quivering and felt strangely dry.

Hugh put the dishes away and kept on talking as though he didn't dream that he had shattered her new, bright, secure world. He was talking about somebody in baseball, some pitcher she believed, but she couldn't tell for sure. Her mind was whirling and her heart was aching with a strange new hurting.

When he got his hat again, he came to kiss her good-bye. He seemed surprised to see the tears in her eyes.

"Hey, what's this? What's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing," she said, trying her best to control her shaky voice.

"Listen, darling," he said seriously, his face taut and his eyes fastened upon her face. There was a strained look about him. "Tomorrow night I'll take you out on a real date with dinner. Would you like that? I hate to leave you tonight but this is a very important game and I want to see it."

She said nothing. There was nothing she could say.

His eyes dropped and he took his hands off her shoulders and dropped them to his sides. He turned to go. "I may be a little late, since it is a double-header, so I'll take the key. That way you won't have to wait up for me."

**S**HE HEARD THE DOOR close and the car pull out of the drive.

Marcella's first reaction, after she got over the stunned feeling, was to be hurt. Hugh just didn't love her. He couldn't or he wouldn't want to be with anyone else.

She walked about through their small house, noticing all the new but already familiar things that they shared, the furniture that they had selected together, the little figurines on the mantle that they had chosen months before they were married, the tablecloth someone had given them at a shower. Everything in the house spoke of their union. It all belonged to them as a pair, not to two separate people who happened to be occupying the house. Their lives were bound together in every way now. It would be horrible for anything to happen to their marriage.

Then, she thought of Hugh at the game, completely absorbed in the plays, forgetting about her. She had gone to a game with him once. She knew how he would be. His mind, his whole self was completely turned over to baseball during the game. Nothing else mattered, not even the girl he loved. She remembered trying bits of conversation with him and he wouldn't even hear. She supposed that she was jealous of the sport or of anything that she could not share with him.

But here she sat. While he was out enjoying himself, what about her? Had he given that thought? What on earth could she do with herself? And to think that only today she had a quarrel with Jane over this very problem. Well, at least, now she could give him some of his own medicine. She would go next Tuesday and help with the Sunday school class and let him see how he felt sitting here all evening. She called up Jane immediately and told her that she had changed her mind and would take over the class that night.

"Now, that's more like it," Jane commented. "And thanks a lot. And why don't you come down and have lunch with me tomorrow? I'm off from twelve to one and we could go to the Ivy Cottage and talk?"

"Fine, I'll be there," Marcella said, and felt alive and happy once more. It might be fun to be out with Jane again. She would like to talk with her about things that would be boresome to Hugh or any other man. It would be strictly girl talk about clothes and Jane's dates and maybe a little innocent gossip for spice.

**W**HEN she put the phone down, Marcella experienced a strange sensation. She felt like an individual again, not just a part of Hugh. She glanced around the house now and thought of the evening she had before her and was surprised at a little feeling of anticipation instead of dread. Why there were lots of things she could do to amuse herself but first she would take a long, soaking sweet-scented bath. She might even read a little in the tub.

When she finally emerged from the bathroom wearing her favorite old pajamas instead of one of the

---

#### A RIDDLE

**What do you oft return  
You do it every day,  
But you have never borrowed it?  
What is it? Can you say?**

**LAURA A. BOYD**

**(sLanks)**

---

trousseau gowns, she went to the kitchen and got an apple and then went to the living room and selected two of her favorite books of poems and took them to bed with her. She found a program of music on the radio and settled back against the pillows and began to read. They were little verses that exactly expressed the way she felt about the leaves coming down in the fall, or the way she felt at breakfast when she knew he was going out to face the world from their home, knowing he would do a beter job because he found happiness and security at the home base.

Marcella put the book down across the covers and gazed off into space. That was the point. Home was a base of operation, not a whole world. Marriage was something like that, too. It shouldn't completely engulf people until

they have no separate lives at all. It should be a relationship which is like a home base, binding them together so that they will find the security and happiness which is necessary to make them develop not only as a husband and wife but as two worth-while and separate individuals, individuals who can bring more to the marriage because of the full and rich lives they are living.

**W**HEN Hugh came home, Marcella had dropped off to sleep with the book in her hand. The radio was signing off for the night.

"Would you mind if I had one of the pillows, sleepyhead?" he asked gently when he was ready for bed, and she opened her eyes. He was alert, happy. He started to tell her about the game. He was refreshed, coming back to her a better companion because he had been away, coming back with something to tell her that she didn't know about. She smiled sleepily at him.

"I'm having lunch with Jane tomorrow at the Ivy Cottage and I promised her to take over a meeting of her Sunday school class Tuesday night. She has to work at night all next week." Marcella glanced across her pillow to see how he was taking it.

"That's nice," he commented, "I like Jane. She's straightforward and talks like a human being."

"Yes, I know. Then I am thinking about taking some art lessons. I have a lot of time on my hands here through the day and I took a few lessons once and the teacher thought that I had some talent."

**H**UGH TURNED SIDEWAYS and looked at her, lovingly, and a little surprised. "Art? You mean painting pictures and all that kind of thing? I'd love to have a wife who could paint."

Hugh was watching her face, seeing the glow that a new interest put upon it. He leaned over and kissed her on the tip of her nose.

"I love you, Cella," he said softly, and Marcella felt that they were closer than they had ever been before.

# Three Generations

## Under ONE ROOF

By Mary Peacock



Monkmeyer

—Pinney

Granny's needle takes many a stitch in time.

WHEN GRANNY came to live with us, the children were frankly delighted. But it was different with Arthur and me. True, we both loved Granny devotedly—but what would her coming mean to the pattern of life that we had worked out so carefully for ourselves and the two youngsters? Would we find it disrupted and confused, or after a short time of adjustment, would the pieces fall back into place, and life go on in its familiar, normal way again? We could only wait and see.

That was six years ago. I remember feeling quite forlorn as I put the finishing touches on the guest room, which would be *her* room from now on.

"After this, when company comes, we'll have to double up," I couldn't help thinking. Yes, we might buy a studio couch for our room—one of the children could sleep there—then there could always be an extra cot or two tucked away as sleeping insurance against the day when a swarm of relatives might suddenly descend upon us, as relatives sometimes do!

Selfish thoughts, weren't they? No wonder I began to feel just a little ashamed!

The more I thought, the more I had to admit that I'd much rather be in my shoes than Granny's. How would it feel to have to give up one's own small house, after years of comfortable living, and share a home with a son and daughter-in-law—not to mention two lively children who weren't exactly given to peace and quiet? I thought of how brave Granny had been in the years since Gram-pa had passed on, and wondered how on earth she had ever managed to hold things together for even this long. But now, with the cost of living soaring, it was no longer either practical or possible for Granny to go on alone—she wasn't as strong as she had once been, either. And with her only son separated from her by five hundred miles, what else was there to do? Of course, Granny must come to us!

At first, there was the excitement of the children to tide us over. Granny was treated as a well-loved guest, but as days slid by into weeks, the novelty began to wear off. All at once, Granny was no longer "company"—the kiddies were very much their old boisterous selves again, and problems began to crop up, one by one. For instance, Granny had a way of interrupting whenever I happened

to correct one of the children in her presence.

"Kenny," I reprimanded my seven-year-old son one day, when he had gone AWOL for a whole hour, "you know I've always taught you never to leave your own yard without permission. Now why—"

"That's just what I've been telling him," Granny interrupted—"ever since he went down to Sam's that day last week when you left the children with me. I told you your Mother wouldn't like it, Kenny, but you said . . ."

AND ON AND ON. At first, I resented Granny's breaking in when I was trying so hard to train my children in obedience, manners, and all the thousand and one other things that come up from day to day. And then, suddenly I realized that she was only trying to help. It never occurred to her, in her eagerness to agree with me and back me up in everything I said, that she was actually interfering. Arthur and I talked it over, and decided that we must ask her not to interrupt when we were trying to get a point across, for fear of confusing the issue in the child's mind. Although we explained as kindly as we could, she was a little hurt, I am afraid—and I am quite sure that she must have almost bitten off her tongue sometimes, in her effort to hold back the words.

But she didn't interfere again.

Then, there was the problem of "minding." Diane brought it up one day, over some trivial incident.

"Granny told me not to," she stated. "But I don't have to mind her, do I, Mommie? She's not my mother!"

Right then and there, we settled that. Mother, Daddy, Granny and the children sat in conference and agreed that when either of the parents was at home, the children should always go to them for permission. In other words, Daddy and I should have the final say-so in any matter that might require a decision. But on the other hand, if we were away and Granny were left in charge, the children owed her the same obedience which they owed to us, their parents. Diane summed it up like this: "When Mommie and Daddy are home, we mind them. When they leave us

with Granny, then we mind her." It has proved to be a very workable rule.

But aside from the children, problems of our own soon developed. There were times when we entertained other couples in our home, and Granny was definitely an "extra." We didn't want to hurt her feelings by not including her in our plans, but she sensed the situation and handled it herself.

"I'll tell the children a story and put them to bed the nights you have company," she suggested. "I'll stay right upstairs with them, too, so you won't be bothered running up and down all evening to see if they're all right."

This worked wonderfully, for no one could tell "Uncle Remus" stories as Granny could. But even while we enjoyed our freedom on such evenings, we couldn't help feeling slightly guilty. We had our home, our children, our friends, and time to enjoy them. But what did Granny have? Nothing but us! No wonder she seemed a bit homesick now and then. What was the answer? A very simple one. Granny must have friends in her own age group. Even though she must of necessity share our family life, she must have a life of her own.

I heard of a Women's Service League that met once a week in one of our churches, from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon. It was composed of women from all denominations—older women, mostly, who gathered together to sew for hospitals and other charitable institutions. The ladies took box lunches and paused

in their work at noontime for a social hour together. Well, after her first visit to the League, wild horses couldn't have kept Granny away! Every Tuesday morning, she packed her lunch and started off as eagerly as a child going to a picnic. And what a blessing it was to us both! She had a day out, while I had a day *in*—a day of my very own, which I could spend as I chose.

IT WASN'T long before Granny's new friends began to drop around in the afternoon to call, and if I wasn't too busy, I would bring in a tea tray. How Granny appreciated that small gesture on my part! Somehow, it seemed to make her feel like a gracious hostess in her own home. And every woman needs that sort of feeling now and then, doesn't she?

Our problems seemed to be gradually solving themselves. But perhaps we were too complacent, for after a year or so, we suddenly found ourselves getting on one another's nerves—Granny and I, Granny and the children, yes, even Granny and Arthur. There were short words among the adults, a little more "sassiness" on the part of the children. What to do about it?

"Granny needs a vacation," Arthur decided wisely. "She needs to see her old friends again, and be completely free of us for a while." So Granny went back home for a visit to some of her dearest friends, and while we missed her, it was good to be alone again, in the intimacy of our family circle, and to catch up on some  
(Continued on page 39.)

## To My Mother

I love a little bird at dawn—singing its heart away  
And I love a burning candle—at close of day.

I love frosty paths in winter—where trees are laden low  
With icicles that glisten—as they touch and kiss the snow.

And then I love my fireside—a shelter from the night  
A friend—a book—and always—birch logs alight.

All this sense of joy—I am conscious and aware  
Is deep within my heart—because YOU put it there.

—XINA WHITE HANNAH.

# Family Counselors

**Question:** When boys and girls reach the teen age and lose interest in Bible school what course should the parents pursue—persuasion, force, bribery, or indifference?

**Answer:** This question seems to assume that the immediate problem is without background and has to be met on the terms of its present manifestation. The time to tackle this problem extends over the period from birth until teen age. During this time parents should *take* their children to Bible school, not *send* them. This procedure should be accepted as the ordinary and to be expected one without complaint from the parents about the effort it requires. The church, the church school, the teachers, and the ministers should never be “roasted” in the hearing of the youth but always extolled. Then the chances are the teen agers will continue in Bible school without questioning.

If they do drop out, know that the early training will finally make itself known. What a child has done with good feeling during the formative years of his life will never be completely sacrificed. Parents, do not try to persuade, force, bribe, or be indifferent. No young person will long respect a parent who does these things. Continue to set the right example. If it comes naturally, without nagging, discuss the problem and, perhaps in a family council, come to and abide by the decision of the majority.

—L. R. S.

I repeat: the time to handle the lack of interest of teen agers is before they become teen agers.

**Question:** We are expecting a baby in a few weeks and my husband wants to name him after himself. I love my husband very much and want to be fair in this, but I hate the name “Pete.” What can I do?

**Answer:** How true that old adage is that tells us, “It’s the little foxes that spoil the vines.” More marriages and love affairs are broken up by seemingly foolish little things than by violent misdemeanors or serious crimes.

This whole business of naming the baby seems small, but yours is not the first home where it has become a serious issue. I believe most people associate names with people they have known, and like or dislike the name depending upon how they felt about the person who wore it. Now personally, I do not think the name “Peter” is so terrible and since your husband would like his son to wear his name, why not give his ego a boost and yourself a little stronger hold on his love by naming the baby “Peter.” After all people make names attractive or repulsive. Names do not make people. Anyway your “son” may turn out to be a daughter!—D. F.

**Question:** How can we best handle the question of church and Sunday school offerings with our children?

**Answer:** We must remember two things as we train our children in the stewardship of money—first, that we are giving them now their attitudes that will govern their adult giving, and second, that it is essential they know for what purpose they are giving. It is certainly not enough merely to give him five or ten cents each Sunday for an offering. Start the stewardship training as soon as a child has money of his own to spend. When he receives a birthday or Christmas gift of money, the child should be encouraged to give a portion of that as well. When he is old enough to earn money the principles of tithing should be taught. As soon as he joins the church he is led to pledge a certain weekly amount.

As this process is going on, the child should be told definitely

where his offering goes. I have known of children who thought it goes up to heaven in a basket, or that it pays God’s water bill!

—E. N. J.

**Question:** What can I do to avoid having my entire day spoiled before leaving my bedroom each morning?

**Answer:** The above question came to me a few days ago from a brilliant young business woman who assured me her married life was perfect with the single exception of morning bedroom episodes that are about to wreck their home. Between sobs she told me how much she and her husband loved each other. She realized that nagging is the first step toward driving a husband to find companionship elsewhere, but she is forced to ask her husband four or five times each morning to pick up his clothes and finally in desperation she picks them up herself, because she would not leave the house with the bedroom in a mess. If her husband did not drop his shaving brush to pick up his pajamas at her request, her eyes flared, heels clicked, and she with an air of indignity did it herself. Silence or a storm then ensued.

To this young woman I suggested that it is up to her to make her husband over, for no man should go through life being so inconsiderable of the responsibility of caring for his own articles of clothing and causing unnecessary demands upon others. This, however, cannot be accomplished in a day.

Forego pride and tidiness a few days. Don’t touch his clothes for a while. Completely ignore the situation. Let him wade through for a while. The few minutes that have been spent in nagging each morning, spend now in *looking up*, saying a Psalm or being still and grateful or reading a few lines of a morning devotional. Instead of

getting irked at your husband, you can avoid having your entire day spoiled if you will only ask yourself, 'Err I left the room this morning, did I stop to pray?' I suggest Psalm 5:3—"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and I *will look up.*" Put spiritual things first and then the attitude is different about material things.

—D. F.

**Question:** How can we make grace at meals attractive to our whole family consisting of parents and children ages five, eight, and fourteen?

**Answer:** There are many ways. Variety will take away the dull, uninteresting routine. The father or mother should be responsible for seeing that it does not become stereotyped. A small amount of direction and creativity will make this a wholesome, interesting, and vital custom which will stay with the children always.

Sing your grace, sometimes. All know, or can learn, the *Doxology*. This is an excellent grace. Also to the same tune the following may be sung:

Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere  
adored.  
These mercies bless, and grant  
that we  
May feast in fellowship with  
Thee. Amen.

Other Thanksgiving hymns can well be used. Or just sing any well-loved hymn and follow it with a unison or an individually expressed word of thanks.

Complete silence for thirty seconds, while each member thinks his own prayer of gratitude, can be effective.

Experiment with having each member of the family tell one thing for which he is grateful. The attitude thus developed may be even more prayerful than a routine petition.

Many types of grace may be said in unison or by one member of the family, taking turns. The smallest youngster may want to memorize a form such as:

Gracious giver of all good,  
Thee we thank for rest and  
food;  
Grant that all we do or say,  
In Thy service be this day.  
Amen.

The other members may make up their own or use such excellent prayers as those found in *Grace Before Meals*, A. William Myce and Hubert Bunyea, \$1.00; *Let Us Give Thanks*, 55c; *A Little Book of Singing Graces*, Jeannette Perkins Brown, 50c; leaflet *Grace at Mealtime*, 15c per dozen.<sup>1</sup>

Some families have found it very helpful to join hands while singing, or praying. Others have added a unison statement to this period of gratitude whether it be of the sung or spoken word, such as "Wherever love is, there God is."

**Question:** What steps should I, as a parent, take in helping my son in the selection of a vocation? He is now a junior in high school.

**Answer:** Unfortunately, approximately one-half of our high schools are without any semblance of a guidance program. Many students have told me their source of vocational information was the high school principal, and he was generally too busy to give adequate counsel. The parent is in a preferred position to know the son's temperament, intelligence, aptitudes, and interests, as well as his limitations. He can assist the son in examining occupations which suit his abilities, needs and interests. The radio newspaper, moving pictures, books, magazines, interviews with people in a specific vocation, all can contribute to help the young person find his niche in the world of work. Church youth leaders, directors of Christian education, or the minister can often give guidance in this problem. Furthermore, realism is demanded by both parent and son. The parent must not force his choice of a vocation upon him, but must leave the selection up to the son. Many a failure can be attributed to a parent's insistence that the son make the parent's choice his own.

—P. B. B.

<sup>1</sup>Order from your publishing house.



Dorothy  
Faust

A mother of three who has served as family counselor in the Court of Domestic Relations at Columbus, Ohio.



Leslie R.  
Smith

A father of four who is noted for his pastoral counseling ability (he is the author of *This Love of Ours*, a guide for young married couples).



Elizabeth  
N. Jones

A mother of four who has spent many years working with young children in the church and has written extensively.



Paul B.  
Baum

A father of two who is a widely known educator (dean of Colorado Women's College) and a specialist in counseling.



# "just for fun!"

## A Nut Party for Fall

If you're a bit "nutty"—and aren't we all!  
Come to our party, please heed this call;  
We expect to have a lot of fun,  
So don't hesitate, just come on the run.

Date

Hour

Address

**T**EAR irregular-shaped pieces of nut-brown butcher's paper for the invitations and on them write this verse in red ink.

Decorate the rooms in the red and brown colors of autumn, using branches of colored leaves, big bowls, or strings of red and yellow apples, ears of yellow and red corn with their shucks pulled back, and nuts of all kinds wherever possible.

To start the fun while the late-comers are arriving, try the following. Seat the players in a circle on chairs, or on the rug. The leader goes around inside the circle holding a nut between the palms of his two hands, and pretends to slip it between the palms of several players, before finally giving it unseen to some player. All then have a turn to guess in whose hands the nut is hiding. The one who guesses correctly becomes leader, and the first leader becomes "a nut." The game goes on as before. Those who become "nuts" must ask questions of the others, but if anyone not a nut, talks, or answers a question by anyone except the leader, that one also becomes "a nut," and must try to make someone else talk. As the "nuts" increase the game becomes more difficult. The game continues until only two are left of the original players.

### Peanut Duel

Each contestant is allowed three stabs with a long hatpin into a big bowl of peanuts. Some of the nuts have been colored red and these count ten points each, while the uncolored ones count five each. However, the players cannot pick and choose because with only three trials allowed they must stab wherever they think they can get the most on each effort. If more than one person gets the same number, they must duel another round of elimination. The final winner may be presented with a jar of mixed salted nuts as a reward.

Ice cream sundaes topped with nuts, served with squares of white cake frosted with a cocoanut icing make delicious refreshments for a nut party, although peanut butter sandwiches, nut and apple salad, and hot cocoa could be added if desired.

### Do You Know These Nuts?

Distribute pencils and sheets of paper upon which the following questions have previously been written, and announce that a small award will be given the contestant having the most correct answers.

1. What nut has the name of a vegetable? (pea-nut)
2. What nut is found beside the sea? (beech-nut)
3. What nut has the name of a well-known hot drink? (cocoa-nut)
4. What nut has a part of the human body in its name? (chest-nut)
5. What nut is the name of a country? (Brazil-nut)
6. What nut is the part of a building? (walnut)
7. What nut means full and a boy's nickname? (fil-bert)
8. What nut is a dairy product? (butter-nut)
9. What nut bears the nickname of a president? (hickory-nut)
10. What nut has a letter of the alphabet and a grain? (a-corn)
11. What nut bears a girl's name? (hazel-nut)
12. What nut combines a male deer and a part of the face? (buck-eye)

### A Nut Contest

Divide the players into two or more groups of equal size, depending upon the number of contestants. Provide each player with the same number of peanuts. One at a time the different members of each group try to see how many peanuts they can drop into the mouth of the quart-size milk bottle allotted to their group, always dropping each nut from the hand as it is held out at shoulder height. It is much more difficult than it appears, as the peanuts have a way of falling crosswise of the bottle top.

### A Nut Hunt

Having previously hidden nuts about the room, a hunt for them can be called for by the hostess at any time during the evening when she so desires. A few of the nuts have been wrapped in gold foil paper, some in silver foil, and a few painted red or green. A chart is posted on a wall giving the values of the nuts found. A gold nut counts twenty points, a silver one fifteen points, a red nut ten, and a green nut five points, while all natural colored nuts count one point each. A judge checks and scores the points of each contestant when the search is over. A box of chocolate-covered nuts makes a nice prize for the winner of this contest.

**By Loie Brandom**

# Biblegram

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A. New England town where the first American Thanksgiving Day was celebrated -----  
73 119 53 8 115 4 108 16
- B. Web-footed birds, similar to ducks -----  
97 26 106 5 94
- C. Pleaded; implored -----  
114 49 112 42 117 45
- D. Fruit of an Asiatic tree; also the tree mentioned in one of Christs' parables -----  
79 110 121
- E. Disciple who betrayed Christ -----  
51 62 123 113 124
- F. Popular autumn game for boys -----  
54 13 58 64 10 33 56 76
- G. Grain that grows tall in Iowa -----  
25 122 105 111
- H. An ax-like weapon, once used by the North American Indians -----  
31 52 46 91 30 50 69 35
- I. A way to prepare meat, as a turkey -----  
93 98 100 90 96
- J. Makes a mournful outcry; weeps -----  
27 119 89 120 78
- K. November feast; known in the time of Moses as the "Ingathering Feast" -----  
3 32 43 24 48 18 37 17 39 28 34 92
- L. A sign; as in football -----  
74 59 104 101 107 85
- M. Midday -----  
63 86 80 57
- N. Extending far below the surface -----  
99 61 84 19
- O. Dense; close or crowded in space -----  
82 66 70 6 109

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85
86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95
96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105
106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115
116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125

- P. Bird of peace -----  
102 65 116 23
- Q. To intend -----  
77 21 95 41
- R. Listen; hearken -----  
83 15 75 87
- S. Loyalty; belief; also a girl's name -----  
12 47 40 29 72
- T. Young girl; maid -----  
68 103 67 88 11 44
- U. To corrode -----  
81 55 60 71
- V. Get up; elevate -----  
20 38 36 9
- W. One who is defeated -----  
1 7 22 2 14

By Hilda E. Allen

(Solution on page 41.)

## Three Generations Under One Roof

(From page 35.)

of the things we had wanted to do together.

When Granny returned, she was rested and contented. The change had done her worlds of good, and she looked five years younger. But best of all, she was honestly glad to be back with us—and we were happy to have her. The vacation had been a complete success.

As I sit here writing, Granny is away on her annual trip to her old home in the South. She has been gone only ten days, but already Kenny is asking: "When is Granny coming home? There's a rip in my dungarees that you forgot to mend, Mommie."

I reach for the work basket and start threading a needle—and suddenly, there's Diane at my elbow.

"Did you hear from Granny today?" she's asking. "Mommie, when do you think she's coming home? We haven't heard an Uncle Remus story since she left!"

"Darling," I offer hopefully—"I'll tell you one, tonight at bedtime."

"Not like Granny!" she says, as she walks away.

Here comes my husband. Now what does he want?

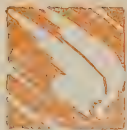
"Look, honey," he begins, half apologetically, "I hate to keep reminding you that a button's still missing on my topecoat, but since Granny's not here to tend to things like that—"

There goes the telephone.

"Yes—Lucy? . . . Why we'd love to—of course we'll come!" Then a thought dawns slowly. "Oh, Lucy, I don't know, after all. Where will I ever find a sitter on such short notice? Well, I'll see what can be done about it."

Wearily, I replace the phone. Let's see now, where was I? Oh yes, there's the rip in Kenny's dungarees to mend . . . a brand new story to think up before bedtime—a story that will go Uncle Remus one better—the button to sew on Arthur's topecoat, and a dozen sitters to call in the vain hope that I can find one—just one—who won't be busy tomorrow night. And to top it all, I've just upset the workbasket!

Now what I want to know is this: When is Granny coming home? When is she, anyhow?



## Takes

### *A Song*

By Pat Christian

**J**OHN JAMES STOOD before the bathroom mirror shaving. John felt good this morning. It was a beautiful day, and he had a big deal to transact. He started to hum, then he burst into song: "The birds are singing..."

Mary, his wife, called from the kitchen, "Hurray, John, your breakfast is ready!"

John stopped shaving and singing and called back, "Okay, sweetheart. Be there in a minute."

John ate quickly so he wouldn't be late for work. He finished his breakfast, and his wife started to clear the table.

He picked up his brief case, which Mary had placed on the table.

John kissed his wife, then he said, "Best little cook a guy ever had."

Mary smiled. "Be off with you or you'll be late for work. And don't forget to buy a pound of butter on your way home from work."

She watched him saunter down the walk. He waved as he turned at the gate. Mary threw him a kiss, then she went back into the kitchen to start her day's work.

Maybe it was just a memory, but John's singing still reverberated throughout the house.

Suddenly she started to sing, "The birds are singing..."

door neighbor, Mrs. James, singing. Mrs. Bulla listened. "What a beautiful voice Mary has," she mused.

The coffee began to boil, but Mrs. Bulla did not notice it. She was lost in her reveries, and her headache was gone. The song had brought back her youth and her carefree days on her parent's farm.



What a wonderful childhood she had had. She had been blessed with a good father and mother, bless their souls, and God had given her a good man for a husband.

Yes, Mrs. Bulla had cause to sing.

Joe O'Leary pulled his wagon of groceries and grunted. He didn't usually grunt when he delivered groceries. But delivering to Mrs. Bulla meant little to him, although Mr. Wineberg paid him ten cents a load for delivering groceries. Nearly all his customers gave him a tip, but Mrs. Bulla was one of the few who didn't. A tip means a lot to a ten-year-old kid who works during summer vacation.

Joe took the box of groceries from the wagon and set it on the back porch, then he knocked on the door. He could hear Mrs. Bulla singing at the top of her voice, "The birds are singing..."

He finished shaving, then he put on his shirt and tie. As he knotted his tie, he viewed himself in the mirror.

"Not bad for a guy past forty," he soliloquized.

John looked much younger than his age. His hair was still jet black, and there was no sign of wrinkles on his face. There was no trace of a paunch, either.

Mary was placing his eggs and bacon on the table when John entered the kitchen, singing, "The birds are singing..."

He pinched his wife's chin. "You're the prettiest little wife in the world," he said. Mrs. James was comely and petite. She was a blonde with arresting blue eyes.



**I**T WAS NEARLY NOON before Mrs. Bulla decided to get up from bed. Her man had departed for work long before. The house needed cleaning, and she was hungry. But Mrs. Bulla had a headache.

She dragged herself to the stove and put the coffee pot on. Then she sat in a chair by the open window. She could hear her next-

Mrs. Bulla was fat, and her voice was like distant thunder.

Joe knocked the second time before she heard him.

She opened the door and saw Joe. "Ah, my groceries!" she exclaimed.

Joe was spellbound. He had never seen her so happy before.

He lugged in the groceries and set them on the kitchen table. He was ready to leave when she said: "Wait!"

She went to the cupboard and removed a coin from the cookie jar.

"This is for you, Joe," she said, smiling.

Joe looked at it and gasped.

"A quarter! Thanks!"



JOE O'LEARY whistled a song as he wheeled his wagon back to the store. Now and then he sang the words, "The birds are singing. . ."

Mr. Wineberg was angry when Joe got back.

"What kept you so long?" he demanded.

"Was I long?" Joe asked innocently.

"No matter. Prepare the other orders!" Mr. Wineberg shouted.

Joe took the list Mr. Wineberg handed him. Then a customer came in. Joe read the list and began to put the items in a cardboard box. He whistled while he worked.

It was a gay tune and the words, when he sang them, were catchy. The song was like a magnet. It clung to you like the fragrance of a flower, and you couldn't cast it off.

Before long Mr. Wineberg had joined Joe in song. There was gaiety in his voice, mingled with comedy, for he inserted words that weren't part of the song.

The customers were few, but Mr. Wineberg did not care; his heart was filled with song.

John James was in a bad mood. He had quit work early. His important deal, which he had been working on all week, had fallen through.

He was on his way home when he remembered his wife had asked him to buy a pound of butter.

He was filled with gloom when he entered Wineberg's store.

Mr. Wineberg stood on a ladder assorting cans on the top shelf. Joe O'Leary was packing boxes with groceries.

JOHN STOPPED and listened. He was familiar with the song, but never had he heard it like this.



His gloom faded like dust vanishing in a heavy rain. His eyes lighted up and his cheeks began to break into a smile.

He had forgotten his business venture when Mr. Wineberg interrupted his song at the sight of a prospective customer.

"Ah, Mr. James! What can I do for you?" he said, coming down from the ladder.

"I'll have a pound of butter, please," John replied, smiling.

Mr. Wineberg wrapped a pound of butter and asked, "Anything else?"

"No, that is all," John said. He paid for the butter, took his package, and left.

He had just closed the door when he heard Mr. Wineberg singing again. John laughed. Then he started to walk home and he began to whistle.

John James had the pound of butter for his wife when he got home. But he also had something more. He had a song.

## Biblegram Solution

(See page 39.)

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

—Psalm 95:2, 3.

### The Defined Words

A Plymouth	M Noon
B Geese	N Deep
C Begged	O Thick
D Fig	P Dove
E Judas	Q Mean
F Football	R Hear
G Corn	S Faith
H Tomahawk	T Maiden
I Roast	U Rust
J Wails	V Rise
K Thanksgiving	W Loser
L Signal	

## Benny Makes a

### Prayer

(From page 19.)

ponderously on the end of the davenport.

"Davie's got tickets for Rubin-off, Papa," she said.

"Dot's nice," he said, his mind preoccupied.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Our Father which art in heaven," he said half-audibly, his voice trailing off into silence.

"Ve got nice children, Papa," Molly remarked.

"Yes, Mama," the old man replied, but his thoughts were far

away, searching for the answer that seemed always to elude him. He was seeking to find the difference in his own and Bennie's new prayer.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. Hallowed be thy name. Thy will be done," he kept searching, remembering, and then the great benediction came to him and his heart was easier and he knew a strange quietness of thought.

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; That thy way be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee."

## Maybe He "Looks" Like You

(From page 6.)

with the daughter," Carl Sandburg once wrote. And a more distant sage remarked, "Like father, like son."

See how this process of absorbing the family attitudes can work out in another field. Here's a typical family whom we'll call the Osbornes. Mr. Osborne is a busy executive who finds it possible to get to church about once a month (as compared to his father, who seldom missed a morning or evening service, regularly attended prayer meeting, and taught a Sunday school class of boys).

Success is very important to him. Recently he had to cancel an appointment to assist with Laymen's Sunday at the local church because he was interviewing a buyer. A real estate deal took all his attention when the minister was trying to organize a program of neighborhood visitation. He'd like the Men's Club to raffle off a turkey. "There isn't much you can do in this world without money," he frequently says.

Bob Osborne, age 15, thinks that money is important too. He has acquired this idea over a period of many years from Dad. But it takes a different form in Bob. The Christian elements which Dad inherited from Grandpa have grown still thinner.

With such motivation, it isn't difficult to understand how Bob shocked the community one day by stealing a car. He had "snatched" money on the side for two or three years in order to buy things that he envied in other boys. Property was more important than ideals to Bob.

It would be over-simplifying the situation to say that Grandpa had really loved his store more than his religion, and that Dad had acquired his attitudes from Grandpa, thereupon transmitting them to Bob. Many factors were at work. The general secularization of society, the glitter of advertising and movies, the tastes of success, the influence of others outside the family . . . all these things helped to bring about the change from

Grandpa's stern morality to Bob's thievery. Probably Dad as a youth had revolted from Grandpa's ways, and Dad's increased interest in material possessions unconsciously molded Bob into the kind of boy Dad didn't want. Dad's influence could easily have turned the balance either way.

Horace Bushnell, a great preacher of another day, once gave a sermon on "Unconscious Influence." He pointed out that one person often influences another without either one knowing that the influence has taken place. It is very significant that this is the same preacher who also developed the theory of "Christian nurture," that a child should grow up a Christian in a Christian home without ever thinking of himself as anything else.

ANOTHER SET OF parents overemphasize the importance of success and set standards that are too high. Their sons and daughters, finding school too difficult for continual honor grades, become discouraged and emotionally upset. Or the reverse may be true; the young people may be encouraged to do well by an attitude in the home that each of us does the best he can within his limitations.

Don't be too quick to praise or condemn the family for what the son or daughter is becoming. The same family environment will not necessarily react in the same manner or degree upon two young people. Some families include both fair-haired boys and black sheep.

Don't be surprised when a teenage son or daughter revolts completely from what he has been taught at home. Some will and some won't. It depends partly on the home and partly on the young person.

For all those who revolt or fail to be influenced, there are a great many more who, like Hank, have their personal, social, and religious attitudes molded for life according to what their parents inwardly believed and outwardly practiced.

Years later, your young son or daughter will probably say as you would say now, "I am what I am because of what my home was." Here's hoping he'll say it proudly.

## Hearthstone Salutes The Browns

(From page 23.)

room. We did have such good times! Sometimes it was a game, sometimes we just talked. Friday evening we went into town to a movie.

I found out that a story was in progress. Father was the "teller." In spite of all my persuasion I never could get in on this. Mother always managed for me to be entertained elsewhere at that time. After this was the business of study.

"This hour is for study," Mrs. Brown said. "If any child does not need the time on lessons assigned, he may read. There are always good books and magazines on hand."

ONE AFTERNOON my hostess and I were detained. I wondered that she was not at all perturbed about getting home late, when she was so particular about meals being served on time. It was almost dinner time when we turned into the yard from riding with a neighbor. When we went inside I saw why. The dinner was ready to serve. Mr. Brown did not often cook but he could "pinch hit" beautifully.

I was simply amazed when the two boys invited the family—and me—to go with them and two of their girls friends to a concert.

"It is much more fun when we all go along," the older boy explained.

Mrs. Brown told me that the family always discussed plans and finances—knew what they could afford and what they could do.

This is the true story of the way the Brown family lives. Their secret lies in their love for each other, their cooperation, and the fact that Mrs. Brown makes homemaking her profession. When my visit was over, I realized fully how it was possible for all the members of the Brown family to attend Thanksgiving services.

# What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



NOVEMBER is the month in which our nation calls upon every citizen to lift his heart in gratitude and appreciation. The spirit of thanksgiving is encouraged. This makes Thanksgiving not only a national holiday, but one of the great religious festivals of the year. As such it should be pre-eminent-ly a family day during which the home as a unit is made conscious of its blessings from and its obligations to God. Many congregations will observe Thanksgiving with public worship. Others will observe it the preceding Sunday. In either event the holiday itself should be emphasized as a time when the family can be together in happy, thankful, Christian fellowship. Some special event of celebration can be arranged by the family to take place in the home during the day, such as a brief worship service of praise and thanksgiving, the reading of some select poetry or passages of the Bible, or the use of thanksgiving music.

Christian Family Life was given added significance in one church which held a one-day Christian Family Life Institute in November of 1948. First Christian Church in **Palestine, Illinois**, used this method of developing an interest in Christianity in the home under the guidance of its minister, Charles B. Barr.

Some of the outstanding features of the Institute were discussion periods led by homemakers of the congregation on these topics, "Problems of Being Christian," "Problems of Getting Along Together," "Problems from Outside the Home," "Problems of Working and Playing Together."

Visual materials were enlisted to emphasize the importance of the home as a teacher of Christian faith and life, using the film strip, "The Christian Home."

Adults, children and young people were all included in study seminars which were intended to deal with the particular parts they have to play in a Christian home. A discussion on choosing life partners was shared in by the young people.

The national director of Christian Family Life was the guest leader for the Institute. He gave two addresses during the day, "Education for Christian Family Life," and "The Christian Family in a Changing Society."

This helpful program was closed with a Litany of Dedication. Other churches could well follow this example.

Churches are increasingly devoting more time to a consideration of the importance of the home in teaching religion. The entire month of May was used for this purpose by the Morgan Park Church, of **Chicago**. Not only did the minister deliver sermons on this theme but many other means were used to make this family emphasis.

The Couples Class of the church school presented a program demonstrating the resources available to the home for spiritual growth. Pictures, recordings, books, examples of family hobbies were exhibited. A worship center such as any home could have was shown.

The Woman's Council not only devoted its monthly program to "Religion in the Home" but it assisted the Christian Youth Fellowship in such a program. They served the young people a supper and shared in the discussion period that followed the showing of three moving pictures on youth in the home.

To conclude the month's activities a simple dramatization was presented by five church families. In addition to these a reader, the junior choir, the organist and the pastor shared in the project.

This program was held at the time of the regular Family Church dinner.

A Family Festival, sponsored by one of the departments of the church school, is another project in promoting Christian family life which churches can use. The teachers and officers of the Primary Department of the school at Highland Park Christian Church of **Des Moines** planned such a festival for the parents of the children they teach. Mrs. Sally Gibson directed the planning for this occasion.

The evening program included games in which all the families could share. A period was used to demonstrate different crafts which parents could use in their family groups. Spatter painting of Christmas cards was demonstrated. How to make animals out of pipe stem cleaners and a wheat-flour-asbestos-water paste was shown. Using cheese boxes out of which to make equipment for family worship centers was exhibited.

A demonstration of a family worship period was given by a mother, father, and their primary-age daughter. It showed the possibilities of using opportunities for informal worship moments in the daily experiences of the home.

The parents were divided into three groups according to the class of the department of which their children were members. The teachers of these classes then discussed the lesson plans and materials for the following quarter, using "A Message for Parents." Parents were eager to know how they could help in the teaching process by the use of home activities.

The festival closed with a period

of songs, social visitation, and refreshments.

Parent-teacher cooperation is very important in doing a more efficient job of Christian education. A beginning toward a larger measure of such cooperation was made by the workers and parents of First Church, Lafayette, Indiana.

The Nursery Department of the church school held a regular session on a weekday morning instead of Sunday. The full program was carried out based on the regular nursery materials. The only difference was that the mothers of the nursery children were present to observe.

At the usual time for morning refreshments a special menu was served to the children at their regular tables while the mothers and guests were served at other tables. At this time the superintendent explained the use of the leaflet that is sent home with each child, and urged cooperation of the home in the program.

This beginning will be followed by a visitation program in which

teachers will come to know the parents of the children better. The purpose will be to discuss with them the program of the department, the materials used and how a closer relationship of parents and teachers will help in the development of nursery children.

Among the many summer activities of our churches, one of the unique events was the Central Area Family Camp held at Troy, Missouri, August 27 to September 3. This family camp was the first of its type to be held under the auspices of our churches. It was designed to enrich, strengthen, and broaden the daily living of families through study, worship, recreation and fellowship activities. Families from our churches in Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa were in attendance. Entire families registered and the children in the camp ranged in ages from sixteen years to nine months of age.

"The Family Takes a Trip—A Week in the Kingdom of God" was the program theme which was carried out so as to strengthen family ties by providing opportu-

nities for families to live, work, play, and worship together. The program was so arranged that for two periods during the morning the children and young people were in age-level groups with their leaders in activities of songs, stories, games and study while the parents were in Bible study and discussion groups. In the afternoon activities were carried out by families as units. These consisted of creative projects in handwork and ceramics, hiking along beautiful nature trails, swimming in the pool, or trying their hand at archery. Also, parents and children tried their skills at softball, horseshoes, volleyball and other games.

The evening program consisted of inspiring vesper services, campfires, and family games, followed by fireside forums and fellowship activities especially for parents after children were tucked in bed.

The program had a challenge and a vigor in that it strengthened the family unit and contributed to an experience of enrichment, growth, and fellowship for all its members.

## Who Has Known Storm

Who has felt the wind,  
Who has known storm  
Will not be content with calm  
Days however warm.

Who has known buffeting  
Will ever seek to find  
Contest worthy of his strength  
To win his peace of mind.

HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL



By  
Vera  
Channels

## Make Some Christmas Candles

You need old candles, a big pan for hot water, a smaller pan for wax, a cookie sheet and different sizes of tin cans for molds. You need heavy string for the wicks and patterns or cookie cutters.

Break the old candles into small pieces, and melt them in a pan which is set into a larger pan with hot water in it. A few crayons added to the wax will give you the color you want.

Pour the melted wax onto a cookie sheet. When it is beginning to set, cut out the figures with a cookie cutter. Make two of each and put a piece of string between them while they are still warm.

Press together and let them harden.

To make a large Christmas candle, use a quart milk carton as a mold or use tin cans of different sizes and place one on top of the other. Tie the wick to a weight and drop it into the bottom of the can. Fasten the top of the wick to a stick which is wider than the can and will stay across the top.

When the wax has hardened, open the bottom with a can opener, melt the sides a little, and push the candle through.

Candles which you can make at home make very appropriate gifts for your friends.



# *The Spinning Wheel*

**Wizard of Oz** (MGM Album). The most captivating music ever written for motion pictures is the Harburg-Arlen score for "Wizard of Oz," the immortal hit of the 1939 season. Fully realizing its universal appeal, MGM Records has just released this album and is justly proud of the job it has done in getting it on records. Joel Herron, brilliant musical director, takes conducting honors. A talented chorus and array of vocalists add their part to this wonderful score. In this arrangement of the wistful, haunting "Over the Rainbow," Herron demonstrates his sensitivity and imagination. A choral group opens the number by setting a mood of delicate fantasy and Lee Forester brings expressive, wistful appeal to her vocal interpretation. Herron maintains the mood of sweet enchantment with his subdued musical background. All the other wonderful music is delightfully interpreted by Herron and his group, including the whimsical rhythmic original tunes, "If I Only Had a Brain," "If I Only Had a Heart," and "If I Only Had the Nerve," dressed up as full production numbers. Then there's the infectious, rhythmic, lilting "We're Off to See the Wizard." Joel Herron and the chorus capture the carefree, gay mood of this composition, and it is sure to send you spinning into a delightful mood of musical fantasy.

**Jeux D'Eau** by Ravel, **Impromptu No. 2 in F Minor, Op. 31** by Faure. Alexander Brailowsky, Pianist . . . (RCA Victor Red Seal). The same sensitive musical intelligence that has earned Alexander Brailowsky enduring fame as a Chopin interpreter is equally in evidence in the pianist's performance of Ravel's well-known "Jeux D'Eau." Faure's "Impromptu in F Minor," recorded here for the first time on the Red Seal label, is suffused with rich colors and poetic expressions which are woven out of what may best be described as a blend of

modern harmony and classic spirit. "Jeux D'Eau" is Ravel's impressionistic and near-literal description of cascading waterfalls by a series of shimmering, many-hued arpeggios which Brailowsky's facile fingers and the excellent recording reproduce to good effect.

**Molly on the Shore** by Grainger, **Londonderry Air . . . Charles O'Connell** conducting the Carnegie Pops Orchestra (Columbia Masterworks). We have grown up with these two Irish tunes. We have heard them whistled on the streets, we have sung them, and made them part of our own musical tradition. Now Charles O'Connell, conducts the Carnegie Pops Orchestra, in colorful and highly engaging orchestral versions. The familiar "Molly on the Shore" offers a dozen variations on the original lively Irish reel, while the "Londonderry Air" uses the spell of contrasting strings to recreate a wistful and lovely melody.

**Oh, Promise Me**, by De Koven, **Serenade**, by Romberg. Jan Peerce, Tenor, with Orchestra and Chorus, Warner Bass, Conductor (RCA Victor Red Seal). Metropolitan tenor Jan Peerce, who recently was awarded an honorary Doctor of Music from the New York College of Music, sings the wedding anthem, "Oh Promise Me," to the accompaniment of an elaborate orchestral arrangement and choral background on a single RCA Victor Red Seal recording. Peerce sings it with

warmth and sincerity in typical rich tones. On the reverse side he is heard in the engaging "Serenade" from Romberg's operetta, "The Student Prince." His excellent diction and unaffected interpretation make this a most rewarding performance. Warner Bass conducts the orchestra and chorus for both selections.

**Symphony No. 4 in D Minor, Op. 120**, by Schuman. The Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, conductor (Columbia Masterworks). Add Schuman's melodic Symphony No. 4 in D Minor to George Szell's fast-growing list of distinguished Masterworks recordings with the Cleveland Orchestra. Schuman composed it in his first year of marriage and presented the completed work to his wife the day their first child was christened. It reflects, in its lyrical and poetic expression, the very mood of the composer. In its time Schuman's Fourth Symphony was something of a pioneering work, for the composer specified that the four movements were to be played without pause. Even more original is the fact that it employs a "cyclic" form, in which themes heard in the early sections recur in the later movements a device later used by Liszt and Franck. Probably the most memorable sections of this lovely symphony are the "Romanze" in the slow movement, a stately yet simple theme said to stem from the folk music of Provence and the succeeding "Scherzo," a section of haunting charm.

## I Would Dig a Well

(From page 14.)

local barber in painting the eyes of men who had had them blackened in the numerous brawls of a frontier town. He attended evening classes at the Ontario Art School and won their Gold Medal Award. Then his father sent him to London to study art.

IN LONDON he discovered the Museum of Natural History in the British Museum, open only to those over twenty-one. So he wrote to the directors of the Museum who were none other than Disraeli, the Prince of Wales, and the Archbishop of Canterbury! All three answered his letters and not only granted him admission to the Museum, but made him a life member.

During the next few years, in Manitoba and New York City, he wrote animal stories for the *Canadian Journal*, *St. Nicholas*, and other magazines, and wrote several books including a four-volume *Lives of Game Animals* with the fifteen hundred illustrations for it, which took ten years. At this time he was also asked to do the drawings for the Century Dictionary.

On one of his visits to the United States he was invited to hunt a wolf pack which was raiding the sheep of a rancher friend in New Mexico.

That was where he met Lobo, the King of the Currumpaw.

Then came success, with his *Wild Animals I Have Met*, which was the inspiration for Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Tales*. It sold 500,000 copies and made him the most talked of author of the year, besides putting him on his feet financially. It enabled him to realize his long-cherished dream of a character-building nature course for boys.

He had written a number of articles for magazines advocating an organization which he called "Woodcraft Indians." Boy's groups were founded in Poland, Canada, England and South Africa as well as in this country. The idea was so appealing that Lord Roberts, commander in chief of the British army, instructed General Baden Powell to assist him with the movement in Great Britain. In 1908 Baden Powell announced his Boy Scout plan. There is little doubt that Seton's book, *The Birch Bark Roll*, and his methods of organizing, rewards and merits for outdoor games and competitions, were the inspiration for the Boy Scout movement. When the organization started in the United States, Seton became Chief Scout, and wrote its first manual. Every one of the 20,000,000 scouts in the world owes his nature training to Ernest Thompson Seton.

HIS INTEREST in teaching broadened to include adults. At his home outside Santa Fe he opened a "College of Indian Wisdom" where college students and adult leaders came to study Indian customs, songs and arts. He closed the school in 1940 partly because of the war, and partly because he wished to devote his time to writing, painting and lecturing.

On October 23, 1946, in the fourth chapter of his forty-third book, and with a canvas stretched and ready for a new picture, this 86-year-old naturalist passed away. Ernest Thompson Seton, friend of Theodore Roosevelt, John Burroughs, James Whitcomb Riley, Buffalo Bill, Rudyard Kipling and many other great men, had gone to join his friends. Three days later the school children of Santa Fe stood at attention for one minute in silent tribute to the creator of their fiction friends, Lobo the Wolf, Silver Spot the Crow, and Raggylug the Rabbit. The chapel where the service was held was filled with his writer- and artist-friends of Santa Fe.

If there is any epitaph, Mrs. Seton told reporters, the quotation from *Two Little Savages* would be appropriate: "Because I have known the torment of thirst, I would dig a well where others may drink."

## Marilyn Finds Death's Meaning

(From page 13.)

taking her home to see Billy and they were going on the bus. The line goes directly past the cemetery where her grandpa is buried. Though she was not at the burial, in these months which had intervened, she had questioned sufficiently to know what was done with the body. As they passed the cemetery, a brand new idea flashed. She looked at her grandma and said accusingly: "Did you put my grandpa in the mud?"

"Why no, we didn't put Grandpa in the mud."

"Well, you put my Easter chicken in the mud."

"Your grandpa has a nice bed, but of course only his body is there, you know. The real grandpa is in heaven," Grandma answered, remembering to her own rebuke how, from the porch unsuspected and unnoticed, Marilyn had watched as in the rain she buried the chicken and had promptly entered her vigorous protest that she had put it in the mud. Belatedly, Grandma was getting another lesson that one must never rely upon either the absence or the shortness of memory of an eighteen-month-old baby.

AS THE MONTHS go on there are fewer recurrences of questions but continuing repetitions of:

"My Grandpa loves me . . . and he'll always love me if he is in heaven . . . yes, he'll always love me."

Last July, we were gathering for the first meal after her arrival with Mummy, Daddy, and Billy for their summer visit, when her little voice rang out gleefully: "Look, look, who's this? This is my grandpa." Then she kissed the picture of the young man of forty in his Y.M.C.A. uniform of World War I, put it down and took her seat with her shining eyes showing no trace of the tears she had brought promptly to ours. So without undue evasion of facts on the part of her elders, she goes with gratifying naturalness and ease over the hurdle of death come close at the age of four.

Is the long, slow, relentless march of the years about to get you down? If so, here is a book that will help you in *Outwitting Your Years*. (Clarence William Lieb, M.D. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. Price, \$2.75.) Written by a physician with many years of practice, whose great interest has been in the "fifty-uppers," this stimulating book will give new inspiration for living those later years with enthusiasm, understanding, and satisfaction.

Just a quick look at some of his chapter titles inspires a desire to read further; "The Good Do Not Die Young," "Shall We Abolish Birthdays?" "Who Wants to Be Young?" "Religious Role in Old-Age Happiness," "The Platter Is More Deadly than the Sword," "It's Fun to Be Old." And there are many more of the same.

This book deals with something of vital concern for every person. By 1980 there will probably be over twenty-two million persons over sixty-five years of age. How to make the most of those years, both for our own personal interests and for the best interests of the nation, should take some close attention by everyone.

Parents who are looking for a brief treatment of Christian nurture in the home can find it in Florence M. Sly's *Toward a Christian Home* (Bethany Press, St. Louis. Price, 45 cents.) Although it has but 36 pages its eight short chapters deal with important phases of building a Christian home. Many suggestions are offered to help homemakers work out their own answers to such questions as, How shall we have family worship? Shall the whole family talk it over? Who should handle the family pocketbook? How can the family play together? What can we do to make our home life a rich experience for all its members? What is the home's responsibility to the church and the community?

If finding time to read is a problem, here is help which will not take much time!



*The Jennifer Wish* (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 250 pages, price \$2.50), written and illustrated by Eunice Young Smith, is the story of four children who spend the summer on a farm. They explore all the interesting spots, have exciting adventures, and acquire numerous pets. The favored spot is the wishing well. The way it seems to have of making wishes come true is uncanny. This is a heart-warming story of a lovable family.

The Little Golden Books published by Simon and Schuster are inexpensive, attractive, and are approved by the Association for Childhood Education. Their greatest disadvantage lies in the fact that the bindings cannot withstand as much hard wear as children usually give to favored books.

Six new Little Golden Books have recently been published. *Pat-a-cake* and



## Books for the Hearth Side

*Nursery Rhymes* (unpaged, price \$0.25 each), are collections of familiar Mother Goose rhymes. *Pat-a-cake* is illustrated by Aurelius Battaglia, and *Nursery Rhymes* by Gertrude Elliott. The illustrations bring an element of novelty to these old favorites.



*A Name for Kitty* (unpaged, price \$0.25), is written by Phyllis McGinley and illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. It is a charming story of a little boy and the difficulty he has in finding a name for his kitty.

*Our Puppy* (unpaged, price \$0.25), is a story of the doings of a puppy through his day as he plays with the children. The illustrations by Feodor Rojankovsky are not as attractive as some of his other works.

*What Am I?* (unpaged, price \$0.25), is a picture quiz book by Ruth Leon. Each left-hand page begins, "I am a—." The animal or object is then pictured and several statements made about it. The right-hand page asks "Who Am I?" Several statements are made, then a series of pictures follows, one of which is the answer to the question. Little children will enjoy having this book read to them, and first- and second-grade children will enjoy using it themselves. It is illustrated by Cornelius DeWitt.



*The Little Golden Book of Words* (unpaged, price \$0.25), by Selma Lola Chambers, is intended to be used by the child who is just learning to read. It will help him to associate words with pictures, and will expand his ideas as well. Some of the subjects treated are "The Child," "The Family," "Things That Grow," "Animals," "Birds," "Things We Use," "Things to Eat." The illustrations are by Gertrude Elliott. Children may use the book for information, pleasure or use it in more creative ways, such as creating games and puzzles from it.

*Crosspatch* (Rand McNally Co., 40 pages, price \$0.60), by Helen and Alf Evers, will please all small children. It is about a baby lion, the only animal in the zoo who is cross. He has no friends and actually scares people away from the zoo. But he learns how to cure his crossness and wins many friends. The Evers have also done the illustrations for the book. It follows the style, both in text and pictures, of their former books.



*Marionettes Are People* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 64 pages, price \$2.50), by Edith Thane gives step-by-step directions for making and managing marionettes. Miss Thane says "Some lucky people seem to have the knack already in their hands." The book is delightfully written. It leaves the reader with some of the author's certainty that marionettes are almost human.

George Alan Swanson illustrated the book. Before beginning his illustrations he read the manuscript and at the same time made his first marionette. The author says of his marionette, "Within an hour after his strings were adjusted, Muggsy had us all breathless with laughter. He minced and he swaggered; he strutted and shimmied; and all the time you clearly saw that he knew just how exceedingly funny he was."

The book contains detailed patterns and charts for making marionettes. It would be valuable for stimulating creative work for children, or for developing a family hobby.



Another book to stimulate and develop creative activities is Tina Lee's *Dolls and Doll Houses* (Doubleday and Co., 64 pages, price \$2.25). The book contains detailed instructions for making all kinds of dolls, doll clothes, doll houses and doll furniture. It tells how to design houses and furniture to meet the needs of a particular doll. Doll lovers of any age will enjoy this book.



# Over the Back Fence

## ***Come, Ye Thankful People!***

**T**HANKSGIVING is one of the great home festivals of the year! It is a time when the thoughts of most of us turn toward home. Some will think of the homes of their childhood. Others will think of their own homes which are now the center of their greatest interest. Children will think of going home to their parents. Their children will think in terms of the home of their grandparents. Everywhere people are going home for Thanksgiving—or wishing they could.

But Thanksgiving should have another point of focus. Our thoughts should also turn toward God, the creator and supplier of all that we enjoy. Every home should spend some time during the Thanksgiving season in gratitude to and worship of the Eternal. Most assuredly all Christian homes will do so.

## ***When Is a Spoiled Child?***

**T**OWN MEETING of the Air held a discussion in June on the theme "Are We Spoiling Our Children?" It was an interesting and stimulating program, a copy of which can be secured (if not out of stock) from The Town Hall, Box 56, New York 46, for ten cents.

Two points are of interest to us now. The first is in terms of our heading—just when is a child spoiled? Is he spoiled just because he dares to question occasionally the authority and wisdom of his elders? Or because he is not always just "seen and not heard"? Or because he demands everything for himself?

All four speakers rather agreed that the spoiled child is the one from whom is withheld real love, sincere affection, a feeling of security. He is one who is unhappy, at enmity with the world, feeling alone and deserted, unable to live happily with others or with himself. The best antidote for such a spoiled child is parents who are interested in and care for him enough to try to understand his needs when he doesn't understand them himself.

The other point is that wherever there is a spoiled child you will usually find spoiled parents. At least

they are spoiled to the extent that they have made definite mistakes in handling the growing personality of a child. This should and will have further elaboration in this magazine in future issues.

Incidentally, the answer to the question posed at *Town Meeting* is neither affirmative nor negative. It is both. Certainly some *are* spoiling their children, and just as certainly some *are not*!

## ***All Types of Families***

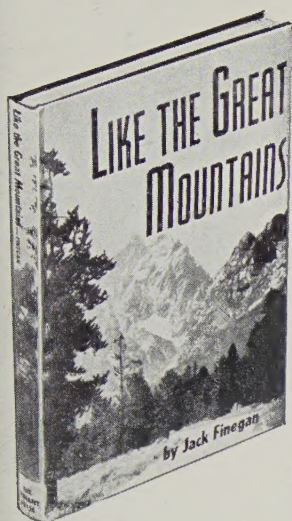
**D**O YOU THINK OF A FAMILY AS consisting of parents and children? You are right of course, but only partly right.

For "family" has at least eleven different definitions according to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The one which is important for our purpose is this, "The body of persons who live in one house, a household." In the light of that interpretation there are many units which are "families" even though they do not have the parent-child relationship. Such "families" include the one-person household, the home which is established by two persons of the same sex who have like interests and are congenial companions, the parents whose children have grown up and left to establish their own homes. *Hearthstone* will try to give some service to all these different types of homes.

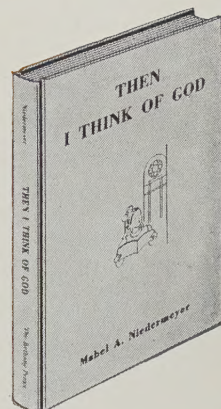
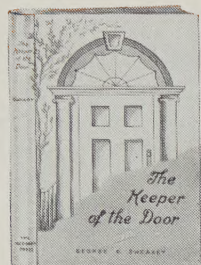
A recent analysis of types of families among Protestants in the United States came up with these figures:

Families of one person	1,637,513
Families of two persons	4,166,741
Families of three persons	3,566,860
Families of four persons	2,837,275
Families of five persons	1,718,578
Families of six or more	2,286,033
Total Protestant Family Units	16,213,000

*Hearthstone*, therefore, is not merely a parents' magazine, it is not merely a magazine for adults in the family. Its editors will make every effort to hold it to the purpose which is implied in the statement upon its cover, "The Magazine for the Christian Home."



# Choose Books for Christmas Gifts



## Like the Great Mountains

by Jack Finegan

Eighteen new brief and dynamic religious essays for young people. Supersonic planes, the atom bomb, archaeology, botany, forces of nature, painting, music, poetry and astronomy are used as illustrations while pointing out principles of Christian living. \$2.00.

## SILA, SON of CONGO

by Goldie Wells

Young and old alike will be fascinated with this true story of a young African boy and the effect our Congo mission had upon his life. \$1.50.

## The Keeper of the Door

by George E. Sweazey

A glowing tribute to mothers on the importance of Christian home life in our religious, moral and social modes of living. \$2.00.

## MUST A MAN LIVE?

by T. T. Swearingen

A book to help young people in choosing the right ideals, and guidance on carrying these right into daily living. \$1.25.

## Then I Think of God

by Mabel A. Niedermeyer

Entertaining stories, short prayers and Bible verses for boys and girls 6-10 arranged by months with an additional litany for each season. \$1.25.

## I Would Do It Again

by F. E. Davison

The "human side" of the minister's life and the sharing of plans and experiments in a delightfully refreshing manner. Those with no thought of entering the pulpit will chuckle over this book and profit from its reading. \$2.00.

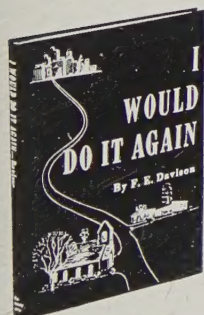
## God's Wonder World

by Bernice Bryant

Photos, stories, prayers and Bible verses which interpret common things of life with an appeal to deep channels of worship. For children 6-10. \$1.25.

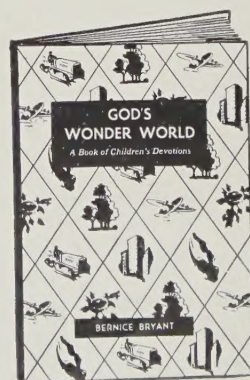
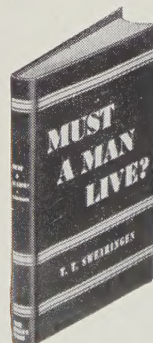
## Christmas in the Home

Family worship services, stories, games, decoration and gift ideas. 50 cents; \$5.00 per dozen.



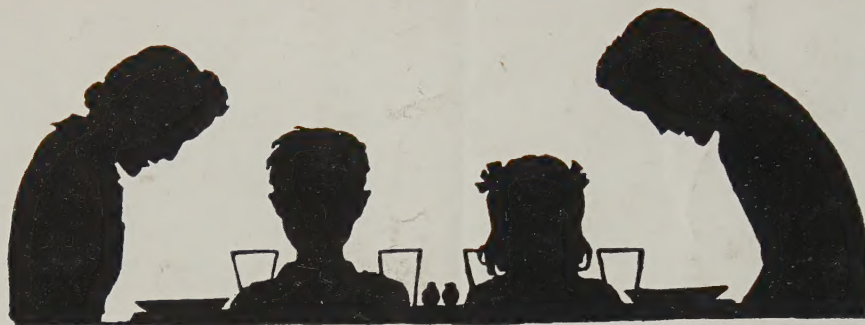
**Christian Board  
of Publication**

—THE BETHANY PRESS—  
St. Louis 3, Mo.



# Daily Family Devotions

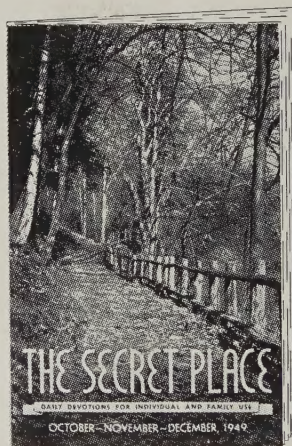
## DRAW RELIGION INTO YOUR WEEKDAY LIVING



Like saying grace at the table, daily meditations are a pause for Christian refreshment . . . they will help each member of the family gain renewed strength for Christian living by implanting proper attitudes and courses of action on his mind . . . they will pave the way for more abundant living.

Set Aside  
Just 10 Minutes a Day  
for Using

*The New Brotherhood  
Devotional Quarterly*



### THE SECRET PLACE

Let The Secret Place be your daily devotional guide. Turn to your Bible for the Scripture reading. Read the brief verse for the day several times. Read the meditation and the short prayer.

A good idea for bringing children into the family worship period is to ask them to take turns in leading devotions.

### In Place of Christmas Cards . . .

Send your friends a Christian gift they will cherish long after the holiday season has passed . . . THE SECRET PLACE. Just think! For the price of a good card you can enrich the life of your friends for a whole year. So, this Christmas, why not send subscriptions to THE SECRET PLACE instead of cards.

5 or more copies to one address, 10 cents each  
per quarter; single yearly subscription, 50 cents

**CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION**  
The Bethany Press 2700 Pine Blvd. St. Louis 3, Missouri